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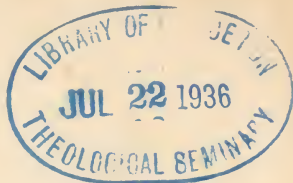
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THE

Hopedale Collection

OF

HYMNS AND SONGS,

FOR THE USE OF

PRACTICAL CHRISTIANS.

"I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also."—1 COR. 14: 15.

COMPILED BY ADIN BALLOU.

HOPEDALE, MASS:
M DCCC XLIX.

HOPEDALE PRESS,
A. A. BALLOU PRINTER.

P R E F A C E.

This compilation is defective in quantity, quality, adaptation and execution. But it is the best I could prepare under the circumstances. A few years hence it will probably be revised, enlarged, and in various respects improved. I needed more critical ability, leisure and money, in order to bring the work out in a style accordant with my ideal. But considering how necessary something of the kind had become to the friends of Practical Christianity, and how long they must, in all likelihood, wait for a better Hymn Book, I did not feel at liberty to delay its preparation. It has its merits, whatever its defects, and will be useful in its place.

I found it so difficult to trace out the authorship of many hymns, that a considerable number are left uncredited. It has been equally difficult to give the pure original text of those which are credited. Many variations and supposed improvements have crept into hymns of the best authors. The original is nearly always deteriorated by these

alterations. And yet, in a very few instances, I, myself, have taken this objectionable liberty, in order to secure a closer adaptation of expression to particular cases. In abbreviating, by the omission of stanzas, I have taken still greater liberties without compunction. The hymns of this Collection, with a few exceptions, are comparatively short. Such are generally more acceptable in the present day, both to singers and listeners. But it is unnecessary to multiply words. All who partake in the spirit of Practical Christian reform and progress will gladly accept this humble production, with a generous allowance for its imperfections, until time and circumstances shall bring forth another of higher excellence.

A. B.

MILFORD, (HOPEDALE,) Ms., JUNE, 1849.

ERRATA.

Several errors have escaped detection, notwithstanding much care in proof-reading. Most of them, however, will readily suggest their own correction. But there is one in the 244th Hymn, 3d Stanza, last Line, which greatly mars the sense. The line erroneously reads, "Be free and warm as summer weather." It should read, "Be free as warmth of summer weather."

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HYMNS AND SONGS.

DEVOTIONAL.

1.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create and he destroy.
- 2 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

2.

L. M. SALISBURY COL.

- 1 Lo, God is here ! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face :
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.
 - 2 Lo, God is here ! Him day and night
United choirs of angels sing :
'To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest homage bring.
 - 3 Being of beings ! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.
-

3.

C. M. DRENNAN.

- 1 THE heaven of heavens cannot contain
The universal Lord ;
Yet he in humble hearts will deign
To dwell and be adored.
- 2 Where'er ascends the sacrifice
Of fervent praise and prayer,
Or on the earth, or in the skies,
The God of heaven is there.
- 3 His presence is diffused abroad,
Through realms, through worlds unknown ;
Who seek the mercies of our God
Are ever near his throne.

4.

C. M.

BROWN.

- 1 WHEREWITH shall I approach the Lord,
And bow before his throne ?
Oh ! how procure his kind regard,
And for my guilt atone ?
- 2 Shall altars flame, and victims bleed,
And spicy fumes ascend ?
Will these my earnest wish succeed,
And make my God my friend ?
- 3 O no, my soul ! 'twere fruitless all ;
Such offerings are vain :
No fatlings from the field or stall
His favor can obtain.
- 4 To men their rights I must allow,
And proofs of kindness give ;
'To God with humble reverence bow,
And to his glory live.
- 5 Hands that are clean, and hearts sincere,
He never will despise ;
And cheerful duty he'll prefer
To costly sacrifice.

5.

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise ;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes !
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day ;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

DEVOTIONAL.

3 One day amidst the place
Where my dear Lord hath been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

6.

S. M.

WATTS.

1 COME we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known :
Join in a song of sweet accord,
And thus surround his throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place :
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry :
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

7.

L. M. 6 L.

MONTG'Y.

1 SEARCHER of hearts, to thee are known
The inmost secrets of my breast ;
At home, abroad, in crowds, alone,

DEVOTIONAL.

Thou mark'st my rising and my rest,
My thoughts far off through every maze,
Source, stream and issue,—all my ways.

- 2 How from thy presence should I go,
Or whither from thy spirit flee,
Since all above, around, below,
Exist in thine immensity ?
If up to heaven I take my way,
I meet thee in eternal day ;
- 3 If in the grave I make my bed
With worms and dust, lo, thou art there ;
If, on the wings of morning sped,
Beyond the ocean I repair,
I feel thine all-controlling will,
And thy right hand upholds me still.
- 4 How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
Oh God, to me ! how great the sum !
New every morn, they never cease ;
They were, they are, and yet shall come
In number and in compass, more
Than ocean's sand, or ocean's shore.

8.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face,
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.
- 2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

DEVOTIONAL.

- 3 Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Nor raise so high my cheerful voice,
As thy forgiving love.
 - 4 Thus till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King ;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.
-

9.

L. M. SPIRIT OF PSALMS.

- 1 FATHER of spirits ! Nature's God !
Our inmost thoughts are known to thee ;
Thou, Lord, canst hear each idle word,
And every private action see.
 - 2 Could we on morning's swiftest wings
Pursue our flight through trackless air,
Or dive beneath deep ocean's springs,
Thy presence still would meet us there.
 - 3 In vain may guilt attempt to fly,
Concealed beneath the pall of night ;
One glance from thy all-piercing eye
Can kindle darkness into light.
 - 4 Search thou our hearts, and there destroy
Each evil thought, each secret sin ;
And fit us for those realms of joy,
Where nought impure shall enter in.
-

10.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

DEVOTIONAL.

- 2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.
 - 3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord,
Before they're formed within ;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.
 - 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high,
Where can a creature hide ?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.
 - 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.
-

11.

C. M. HEGINBOTHAM.

- 1 MY soul shall praise thee, O my God !
Through all my mortal days ;
And to eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.
- 2 In each bright hour of peace and hope,
Be this my sweet employ :
Devotion heightens all my bliss,
And sanctifies my joy.
- 3 When gloomy care or keen distress
Invade my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And soothe my pains to rest.

DEVOTIONAL.

- 4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God ;
My life, with all my active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.
-

12.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 ONE prayer I have,— all prayers in one,—
When I am wholly thine ;
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.
- 2 All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
In thee I firmly trust ;
Thy ways unknown, or understood,
Are merciful and just.
- 3 May I remember that to thee,
Whate'er I have I owe ;
And back in gratitude from me,
May all thy bounties flow.
- 4 Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
When used as talents lent ;
Those talents only well employed,
When in thy service spent.
- 5 And though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will ?
No, let me bless thy name, and say,
“The Lord is gracious still.”
-

13.

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 How perfect is thy word !
And all thy judgments just !
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

DEVOTIONAL.

- 2 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given !
O may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven.
- 3 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey ;
Send thy good Spirit from above,
To guide me, lest I stray.
- 4 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Savior and my God.
-

14.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 SONGS of immortal praise belong
To my almighty God ;
He has my heart, and he my tongue,
To spread his name abroad.
- 2 How great the works his hand hath wrought!
How glorious in our sight !
Good men in every age have sought
His wonders with delight.
- 3 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
Thy heavenly skill proclaim ;
What shall we do to make us wise,
But learn to read thy name ?
- 4 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace,
Is our divinest skill ;
And he's the wisest of our race,
'That best obeys thy will.

15.

C. M. SPIRIT OF PSALMS.

- 1 O God, our strength, to thee the song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To thee, and thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.
- 2 In trouble's dark and stormy hour
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.
- 3 And thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to thy word,
We seek to do thy will.
- 4 Led by the light thy grace imparts,
Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
Set up instead of thee.
- 5 So shall thy choicest gifts, O Lord,
Thy faithful people bless;
For them shall earth its stores afford,
And Heaven its happiness.

16.

L. M.

ANONYMOUS.

- 1 THROUGH all the various shifting scene
Of life's mistaken ill or good,
Thy hand, O God, conducts unseen
The beautiful vicissitude.
- 2 Thou givest with paternal care,
Howe'er unjustly we complain,
To all their necessary share
Of joy and sorrow, health and pain.

DEVOTIONAL.

- 3 All things on earth, and all in heaven,
On thine eternal will depend:
And all for greater good were given,
Would man pursue the appointed end.
 - 4 Be this my care !—to all beside
Indifferent let my wishes be ;
Passion be calm, and dumb be pride,
And fixed my soul, great God ! on thee.
-

17.

L. M.

KIPPIS.

- 1 GREAT GOD ! in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through ;
Our laboring powers with reverence own
Thy glories never can be known.
- 2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.
- 3 And yet thy kindness deigns to show
Enough for mortal minds to know ;
While wisdom, goodness, power divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.
- 4 O ! may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace ;
Explore thy sacred truth, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

18.

11s. M.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 THE Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know,
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow;
Restores me when wandering, redeems when
oppressed.
 - 2 Through the valley and shadow of death tho'
I stray,
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear;
'Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay,
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.
 - 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth
o'er;
With perfume and oil thou anointest my head;
O what shall I ask of thy providence more?
 - 4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet thee above;
I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
'Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom
of love.
-

19.

7s. M.

MERRICK.

- 1 Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine!
Want shall never more be mine:
In a pasture fair and large
He shall feed his happy charge.
- 2 When I faint with summer's heat,
He shall lead my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
'Through the verdant meadows flow.

DEVOTIONAL.

- 3 He my soul anew shall frame,
And, his mercy to proclaim,
When through devious paths I stray,
Teach my steps the better way.
- 4 Thou my plenteous board hast spread,
Thou with oil refreshed my head :—
Filled by thee my cup o'erflows ;
For thy love no limit knows.
- 5 Constant, to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend,
And shalt bid thy hallowed dome,
Yield me an eternal home.
-

20.

6s. M.

DRUMMOND.

- 1 THE God who reigns alone
O'er earth, and sea, and sky,
Let man with praises own,
And sound his honors high.
- 2 Him all in heaven above,
Him all on earth below,
The exhaustless source of love,
The great Creator know.
- 3 He formed the living flame,
He gave the reasoning mind ;
Then only He may claim
The worship of mankind.
- 4 So taught his only Son,
Blest messenger of grace
The Eternal is but one,
No second holds his place.

21.

7s.M.

SALIS. COL.

- 1 HOLY, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored;
Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!
 - 2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear
Deign our humble songs to hear;
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When around thy throne we sing.
 - 3 Lord, thy mercies never fail;
Hail, celestial goodness, hail;
Holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be thy glorious name adored.
-

22.

C. M.

A. BALLOU.

- 1 O, could I come to thee, my God,
From every care away,
And kiss thy sin-correcting rod,
And make thy love my stay!
- 2 Then in the bosom of thy grace,
I'd lay me meekly down,
The waters of salvation taste,
And all my sorrows drown.
- 3 O then my soul's delight should be
To keep thy heavenly law,
To yield myself entire to thee,
In love and filial awe.
- 4 Then pure philanthropy would flow
With piety along,
A balmy stream for every woe,
Redress for every wrong.

DEVOTIONAL.

23.

L. M. BIRMINGHAM COL.

- 1 FATHER, adored in worlds above!
Thy glorious name be hallowed still;
Thy kingdom come in truth and love;
And earth, like heaven, obey thy will.
 - 2 Lord, make our daily wants thy care;
Forgive the sins which we forsake:
In thy compassion let us share,
As fellow men of ours partake.
 - 3 Evils beset us every hour;
Thy kind protection we implore,
Thine is the kingdom, thine the power,
The glory thine for evermore.
-

24.

7s. M.

MERRICK.

- 1 PRAISE, O praise the name divine,
Praise him at the hallowed shrine;
Let the firmament on high
To its Maker's praise reply.
 - 2 All who vital breath enjoy,
In his praise that breath employ,
And in one great chorus join;
Praise, O praise the name divine.
-

25.

C. M.

H. M. WILLIAMS.

- 1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

DEVOTIONAL.

- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;
To thee my thoughts would soar ;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed—
That mercy I adore !
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see !
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill :
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see :
My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;—
That heart shall rest on thee !
-

26.

8s. & 7s. WESLEY'S COL.

- 1 Love divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
All thy faithful mercies crown.
Father ! thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
Visit us with thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart.

DEVOTIONAL.

- 2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast ;
Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest.
Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive,
Graciously come down, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.
-

27.

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 My God, permit my tongue
 This joy, to call thee mine ;
And let my early cries prevail
 To taste thy love divine.
- 2 My thirsty, fainting soul
 Thy mercy does implore ;
Not travelers in desert lands
 Can pant for water more.
- 3 For life without thy love
 No relish can afford ;
No joy can be compared to this,
 To serve and please the Lord.
- 4 Since thou hast been my help,
 To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
 My cheerful hope relies.
- 5 The shadow of thy wings
 My soul in safety keeps :
I follow where my Father leads,
 And he supports my steps.

28.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways
To keep his statutes still !
O that my God would grant me grace
To know and do his will !
- 2 O send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart !
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.
- 3 From vanity turn off mine eyes ;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.
- 4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere ;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.
- 5 Make me to walk in thy commands ;
'Tis a delightful road ;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

29.

C. M.

CAPPE'S COL.

- 1 ETERNAL Source of life and light,
Supremely good and wise,
To thee we bring our grateful vows,
To thee lift up our eyes.
- 2 Our dark and erring minds illumine
With truth's celestial rays ;
Inspire our hearts with sacred love,
And tune our lips to praise.

DEVOTIONAL.

- 3 Safely conduct us, by thy grace,
Through life's perplexing road;
And place us, when that journey's o'er,
At thy right hand, O God!
-

30.

L. M. MRS. COTTERILL.

- 1 O THOU, who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.
- 2 Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.
- 3 Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love, and gratitude, and praise.
- 4 And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give,
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.
-

31.

7s & 6s M. RIPPON'S COL.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

DEVOTIONAL.

- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course ;
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view his glorious face ;
Upward tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Fly, my riches, fly, my cares,
While I that course explore ;
Flatt'ring world, with all your snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home ;
Strangers tarry but a night :
When the last dear morn shall come,
We'll rise to glorious light.
- 4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize ;
Soon the Savior will return,
Triumphant through the skies.
Yet a season, and you know,
Happy entrance will be given ;
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

II. JESUS CHRIST.

32.

11s M.

DRUMMOND.

- 1 A VOICE from the desert comes awful and shrill;
The Lord is advancing! prepare ye the way!
The word of Jehovah he comes to fulfil,
And o'er the dark world pour the splendor of day.
- 2 Bring down the proud mountain, though tower-
ing to heaven,
And be the low valley exalted on high:
The rough path and crooked be made smooth
and even,
For, Zion! your King, your Redeemer is nigh.
- 3 The beams of salvation his progress illumine;
The lone dreary wilderness sings of her Lord;
The rose and the myrtle there suddenly bloom,
And the olive of peace spreads its branches
abroad.

33.

C. M.

CH. PSALMIST.

- 1 BEHOLD my servant; see him rise
Exalted in my might!
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.
- 2 On him, in rich effusion poured,
My Spirit shall descend;
My truths and judgment he shall show
To earth's remotest end.

JESUS CHRIST.

- 3 Gentle and still shall be his voice ;
No threats from him proceed ;
The smoking flax he will not quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.
- 4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise ;
The weak will not despise ;
Judgment shall he bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen rise.
- 5 The progress of his zeal and power
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.
-

34.

8s & 7s M.

CAWOOD.

- 1 HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
Lo ! the angelic host rejoices ;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy :
'Glory in the highest—glory !
Glory be to God most high !
- 3 ' Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found :
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven :—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 ' Christ is born, the great anointed ;
Heaven and earth his praises sing !
O receive whom God appointed,
For your Prophet, Priest, and King."

JESUS CHRIST.

- 5 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth ;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.
-

35.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 HARK ! the glad sound, the Savior comes,
The Savior promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial day.
- 4 He comes the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure ;
And with the treasure of his grace
Enrich the humble poor.
- 5 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.
-

36.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journies run :
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

JESUS CHRIST.

- 2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head,
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
 - 3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
 - 4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.
 - 5 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long amen.
-

37.

H. M.

A. BALLOU.

- 1 BEHOLD the royal Stem,
From Jesse's ancient root,
Begins his heavenly reign,
And drops celestial fruit :—
With wisdom crowned,
And might divine,
His counsels shine
The world around.
- 2 By him the long oppressed,
And all the suffering poor,
Shall find their wrongs redressed,
And every right secure :—
He'll plead their cause,
Dissolve their chains,

JESUS CHRIST.

Relieve their pains,
And bless their joys.

3 A Godhead fulness dwells
Within his human form,
Which fierce rebellion quells,
And stills the wildest storm :—
Beneath his feet
His prostrate foes
Deplore their woes,
Till all submit.

4 Thus violence shall cease
Throughout the spacious earth,
And universal peace
Complete a glorious birth :—
Nor aught destroy
In Christ's domain,
Nor aught give pain,
Nor sin annoy.

38.

C. M.

ENFIELD.

- 1 BEHOLD, where in a mortal form
Appears each grace divine ;
The virtues all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.
- 2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
- 3 'Midst keen reproach, and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life ;
He labored for their good.

JESUS CHRIST.

- 4 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed and said,
'Thy will, not mine, be done.'
- 5 Be Christ our pattern, he our guide!
His image may we bear!
O may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share!
-

39.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word:
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4 Be thou my pattern; may I bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.
-

40.

C. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 JESUS! exalted far on high,
To whom a name is given;
A name surpassing every name,
Renowned in earth or heaven!

JESUS CHRIST.

2 Before thy throne shall every knee
Bow down with one accord :
Before thy throne shall every tongue
Confess that thou art Lord.

3 Oh ! may the mind in us be formed,
Which shone so bright in thee ;
An humble, meek, and lowly mind,
From pride and envy free !

4 To others we would stoop, and learn
To emulate thy love ;
So shall we bear thine image here,
And share thy throne above.

41.

C. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

1 THOU art the way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the TRUTH—thy word alone,
True wisdom can impart ;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the LIFE—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way, the truth, the life ;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep—that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

42.

7s M.

CH. PSALMODY.

1 CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies,
 Christ the true, the only light,
 Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Triumph o'er the shades of night;
 Day-spring from on high, be near;
 Day-star, in my heart appear.

2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
 If thy light is hid from me;
 Joyless is the day's return,
 Till thy mercy's beams I see;
 Till thy inward light impart
 Gladness to my eyes and heart.

3 Visit, then, this soul of mine,
 Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
 Fill me, radiant Sun divine!
 Scatter all my unbelief:
 More and more thyself display,
 Shining to the perfect day.

43.

8s & 7s M.

CH. PSALMODY.

1 ONE there is above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly—free—and knows no end.
 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But this Savior died to have us
 Reconciled in him to God.

JESUS CHRIST.

- 2 When he lived on earth abased,
FRIEND OF SINNERS was his name ;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same.
Oh, for grace our hearts to soften !
Teach us, Lord, at length to love ;
We, alas ! forget too often
What a Friend we have above.
-

44.

H. M.

A. H. PRICE.

- 1 SHALL he our teacher be,
Jesus the true, the good,
Whose stainless purity
The tempter's wiles withstood ;
Or shall we trust in forms and creeds,
As refuge sure from evil deeds ?
- 2 He bade us bless our foe,
And love return for hate,
Nor anger rudely show,
But in calm patience wait ;
Thus shall our feet securely rest
Upon a rock, forever blest.
- 3 Jesus, how safe thy love
When storms of ill assail !
No fear our souls can move,
No raging foes prevail :
Thou hadst the power to still the wave,
And thou the trusting soul canst save.
-

45.

S. M.

A. BALLOU.

- 1 THINK not the Prince of Peace
The world's tame flatterer came,
By compromise to soothe and please
Its carnal-minded train.

JESUS CHRIST.

- 2 Not so could he redeem
Our lost and guilty race ;
Not so complete the wondrous scheme
Of all-restoring grace.
- 3 Though harmless as a dove,
And reigning but to bless,
He wields a *Spirit-sword* in love,
That pierces every breast.
- 4 Truth is the flaming blade,
With which his faithful hand
Divides the living from the dead,
And cuts each hateful band.
-

46.

7s M.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 Go to dark Gethsemene,
Ye that feel temptation's power,
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour,
'Turn not from his griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.
- 2 Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of life arraigned ;
O, the wormwood and the gall !
O, the pangs his soul sustained !
Shun not suffering, shame or loss,
Learn of him to bear the cross.
-

47.

L. M.

GREGG.

- 1 JESUS, and can it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee ?
Scorned be the thought by rich and poor ;
My soul shall scorn it more and more.

JESUS CHRIST.

- 2 Ashamed of Jesus ! yes, I may,
When I've no sins to wash away,
No tear to wipe, no joy to crave,
No fear to quell, no soul to save.
 - 3 Ashamed of Jesus ! that dear friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend ?
No ; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
 - 4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Savior slain ;
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me !
-

48.

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 THE law by Moses came :
But peace and truth and love
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,
Descending from above.
- 2 Amidst the house of God
Their different works were done ;
Moses a faithful servant stood,
But Christ a faithful Son.
- 3 Then to his new commands
Be strict obedience paid ;
O'er all his Father's house he stands,
The sovereign and the head.*

49.

L. M.

A. C. COXE.

- 1 How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God !
- 2 O, who like thee,—so calm, so bright,
So pure, so fraught with heavenly light ?
O, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe ?
- 3 O, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before ?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility ?
- 4 And death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scoff and scorn to thee ;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.
- 5 O, in thy light be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe ;
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God !

III. WARNING AND INVITATION.

50.

L. M.

- 1 COME, sinners, saith the mighty God,
Abhorrent as your crimes have been,
Lo, I descend from mine abode,
To reason with the sons of men.
 - 2 No clouds of darkness veil my face,
No vengeful lightnings flash around ;
I come with terms of life and peace ;
Where sin hath reigned, let grace abound.
 - 3 Yes, Lord, we will obey thy call,
And to thy gracious sceptre bow ;
O, make our crimson sins like wool,
Our scarlet guilt like stainless snow.
 - 4 So shall our thankful lips repeat
Thy praises with a tuneful voice,
While humbly prostrate at thy feet,
We wonder, tremble, and rejoice.
-

51.

8s, 7s & 4s M.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Heavenly mercy now implore ;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, join'd with power ;
He is able,
He is willing ; doubt no more.

WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the *fitness* he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you;
'Tis his Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined in your thrall!
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.
-

52.

C. M.

- 1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.
- 2 See, Jesus stands with open arms;
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.
- 3 O, come, and with his ransomed taste
The blessings of his love;
While hope attends the sweet repast,
Of nobler joys above.
- 4 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

53.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 LET every mortal ear attend,
And every heart rejoice;
The trumpet of the gospel sounds,
With an inviting voice.
- 2 Ho! all ye hungry, starving souls,
Who feed upon the wind,
And vainly strive with earthly toys
To fill th' immortal mind—
- 3 Eternal wisdom has prepared
A soul-reviving feast;
And bids your longing appetites
The rich provision taste.
- 4 Ho! ye that pant for living streams,
And pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging thirst
With streams that never dry.
- 5 The happy gates of gospel grace,
Stand open night and day;
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,
And drive our wants away.

—

54.

7s M.

BARBAULD.

- 1 COME! said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrims, hither come!

WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 2 Thou who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn ;
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
- 3 Ye by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here resign your heavy care :
A wounded spirit who can bear ?
- 4 Sinner, come ! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound ;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest, eternal, sacred, sure.

55.

H. M.

TOPLADY.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound ;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full provision made ;
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come take it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love ;
The year of Jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

56.

H. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in guilt and woe!
Now mercy calls again,
Its message is to you!
Ye perishing and guilty, come!
In mercy's arms there yet is room.
- 2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame;
Christ bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready—sinners, come!
For every trembling soul there's room.
- 3 Drawn by his dying love,
Ye wandering sheep, draw near!
He calls you from above,
The Shepherd's voice now hear:
To him whoever will may come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

57.

S. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 THE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering 'Sinner, come;'
'The bride, the church of Christ, proclaims,
To all his children 'Come!'
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, 'Come!'
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come.

WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
Declares ' I quickly come :'
Lord, even so ! we wait thy hour ;
O blest Redeemer, come.
-

58.

C. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 O, WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found !
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here ;
Salvation, like a river, rolls
Abundant, free, and clear.
- 3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds,
Your every burden bring !
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring !
- 4 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace ;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.
-

59.

C. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer—now return !
And seek thy Father's face !
Those new desires, which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

WARNING AND INVITATION.

- 2 Return, O wanderer—now return !
He hears thy humble sigh :
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer—now return !
Thy Savior bids thee live :
Go to his feet—and grateful learn
How ready he'll forgive.
- 4 Return, O wanderer—now return,
And wipe the falling tear :
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn !
'Tis love invites you near.
-

60.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 JESUS, the friend of sinners, calls,
With pity in his eyes ;
And warns them of the dangerous foes
That all around them rise.
- 2 ' Fly to the refuge of my arms,
And dwell secure from fear :
No enemy shall pluck you hence,
No weapon wound you here.'
- 3 With anxious heart, the parent bird
Thus calls her offspring round :
When furious vultures beat the air,
And slaughter stains the ground.
- 4 The trembling brood, by nature taught,
Fly to the known retreat ;
Beneath her downy wings are safe,
And find the shelter sweet.
- 5 Shall men, alas ! more thoughtless men,
Refuse to lend an ear ?
Their only refuge madly shun,
And rather die than hear !

IV. REPENTANCE AND REFORMATION.

61.

L. M.

- 1 Now see the rebel raise his eyes,
From dreaming folly just awake ;
His soul relents with strange surprise,
And all his heart begins to break.
- 2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
This death I feel in sinful lands,
While servants of my Father share
The liberal bounty of his hands.
- 3 With deep repentance on my tongue,
I'll go and seek my Father's face ;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll only ask a servant's place.
- 4 Far off his Father saw him come,
And o'er him all his bowels yearned ;
He rose to bless and greet his son,
And crown with grace his safe return.
- 5 The rebel's heart with sorrow filled,
Bemoaned the crimes which he had done,
Through all the courts the servants smiled,
And sang the Father's grace alone.

62.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 THE Prodigal, with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,
Reviews his wanderings with surprise,
His heart begins to break.
- 2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land ;
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.
- 3 With deep repentance I'll return,
And seek my Father's face ;
Unworthy to be called a son,
I'll ask a servant's place.
- 4 Far off he saw him slowly move,
In pensive silence mourn ;
The Father ran with arms of love,
To welcome his return.
- 5 Through all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around ;
The angels tuned their harps anew ;
The Prodigal was found !

—

63.

L. M.

- 1 FAR from thy fold, O God, my feet
Once moved in error's devious maze ;
Nor found religious duties sweet,
Nor sought thy face, nor loved thy ways.

REPENTANCE AND REFORMATION.

- 2 With tenderest voice thou bad'st me flee
The paths which thou couldst ne'er approve ;
And gently drew my soul to thee,
With cords of everlasting love.
- 3 Now to thy footstool, Lord, I fly,
And low in self-abasement fall ;
A vile, a helpless worm I lie,
And thou, my God, art all in all.
-

64.

C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

- 1 O THOU, whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh ;
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye !
- 2 See ! low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn ;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face ;
Hast thou not said—Return ?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail,
To drive me from thy feet ?
O let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.
- 4 O shine on this benighted heart,
With beams of mercy shine ;
And let thy healing voice impart
A taste of joys divine.

65.

7s M.

J. TAYLOR.

- 1 God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad repentant song;
Sorrow dwells on every face,
Penitence on every tongue.
- 2 Deep regret for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent:
- 3 Foolish fears, and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain:
- 4 These, and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own;
Humbled at thy feet we lie,
Seeking pardon from thy throne.
- 5 God of mercy, God of grace,
Hear our sad repentant songs;
O restore thy suppliant race,
Thou to whom all praise belongs.

66.

7s M.

MERRICK.

- 1 BLEST Instructor, from thy ways
Who can tell how oft he strays?
Purge me from the guilt that lies
Wrapt within my heart's disguise.

REPENTANCE AND REFORMATION.

- 2 Let my tongue, from error free,
Speak the words approved by thee ;
To thy all-observing eyes,
Let my thoughts accepted rise.
 - 3 While I thus thy name adore,
And thy healing grace implore,
Blest Redeemer, bow thine ear,
God, my strength, propitious hear.
-

67.

L. M. 6 l. WESLEY'S COL.

- 1 FORGIVE us, for thy mercy's sake,
Our multitude of sins forgive !
Our souls for thy possession take,
And bid us to thy glory live ;
To walk in light, and gladly prove
Our faith by our obedient love.
 - 2 The covenant of forgiveness seal,
And all thy mighty wonders show !
Our hidden enemies expel,
And conquering them to conquer go,
Till all our pride and wrath be slain,
And not one evil thought remain !
-

68.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 Show pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace :
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

REPENTANCE AND REFORMATION.

- 3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.
- 4 Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.
-

69.

C. M.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 O God of grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts ;
Give what thine eye delights to see,—
Truth in the inward parts :—
- 2 Give deep humility :—the sense
Of godly sorrow give ;
A strong desiring confidence,
To hear thy voice and live ;—
- 3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay ;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou slay.
- 4 Give these,—and then thy will be done ;
Thus strengthened with all might,
We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.
-

70.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares ;
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, toils and snares.

REPENTANCE AND REFORMATION.

- 2 Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought;
From sickness unto death made whole;
Safe through a thousand perils brought.
 - 3 Yes, to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife;
Sin's works, and ways, and wages spurn,
Lay hold upon eternal life.
 - 4 God is thy rest;—with heart inclined
To keep his word, that word believe;
Christ is thy rest;—with lowly mind,
His light and easy yoke receive.
-

71.

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 O BLESSED souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely blest to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more!
- 2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.
- 3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.
- 4 Let sinners learn to pray,
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

REPENTANCE AND REFORMATION.

72.

S. M.

BEDDOME.

- 1 THOU Lord of all above
And all below the sky,
Before thy feet I prostrate fall,
And for thy mercy cry.
 - 2 Guilt, like a heavy load,
Upon my conscience lies ;
To thee I make my sorrows known,
And raise my weeping eyes.
 - 3 The burden which I feel,
Thou only canst remove ;
Display, O Lord, thy pardoning grace,
And thy unbounded love.
 - 4 One gracious look of thine
Will ease my troubled breast ;
O, let me feel my sins forgiven,
And I shall then be blest.
-

73.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 TIMES without number have I prayed,
This only once forgive ;
Relapsing when thy hand was stayed,
And suffered me to live.
- 2 Yet now the kingdom of thy peace,
Lord, to my heart restore ;
Forgive my vain repentances,
And bid me sin no more.

REPENTANCE AND REFORMATION.

74.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 RETURN, my roving heart, return,
And life's vain shadows chase no more ;
Seek out some solitude to mourn,
And thy forsaken God implore.
 - 2 O thou great God, whose piercing eye
Distinctly marks each deep retreat,
In these sequestered hours draw nigh,
And let me here thy presence greet.
 - 3 Through all the windings of my heart,
My search let heavenly wisdom guide,
And still its radiant beams impart,
Till all be known and purified.
 - 4 Then let the visits of thy love
My inmost soul be made to share,
Till every grace combine to prove
That God has fixed his dwelling there.
-

75.

S. M.

- 1 WHEN shall thy love constrain,
And force me to thy breast ?
When shall my soul return again
To her eternal rest ?
- 2 Ah, what avails my strife,
My wandering to and fro ?
Thou hast the words of endless life :
Ah ! whither should I go !
- 3 Thy condescending grace,
To me did freely move ;
It calls me still to seek thy face,
And stoops to ask my love.

REPENTANCE AND REFORMATION.

- 4 Lord, at thy feet I fall,
I groan to be set free ;
I fain would now obey the call,
And give up all for thee.
-

76.

C. P. M. CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 LORD, thou hast won—at length I yield,
My heart by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee ;
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love ?—
Love conquers even me.
- 2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to blast my soul,
I still had stubborn been :
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Savior I have viewed,
And now I hate my sin.
- 3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free ;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

77.

S. M. CH. PSALMODY.

1 O cease! my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door;
Oh! haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

V. PERSONAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

78.

C. M. TATE AND BRADY.

- 1 God's perfect law converts the soul,
Reclaims from false desires ;
With sacred wisdom his sure word
The ignorant inspires.
 - 2 The statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight ;
His pure commands, in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.
 - 3 But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall ?
O ! cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God that knowest them all.
 - 4 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me,
That by thy grace preserved, I may
The great transgression flee.
-

79.

L. M. MRS. STEELE.

- 1 AND is the gospel peace and love !
Such let our conversation be ;
'The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and meek simplicity.

PERSONAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

- 2 When'er the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
On Jesus let us fix our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life !
 - 3 O, how benevolent and kind !
How mild ! how ready to forgive !
Be his the temper of our mind,
And his the rules by which we live.
 - 4 To do his heavenly Father's will,
Was his employment and delight :
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life divinely bright !
 - 5 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love :
If then we love the Savior's name,
Let his divine example move.
-

80.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 Awake, my soul ! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye ;—

PERSONAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

- 4 That prize with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems,
Must blend in common dust.
-

81.

L. M. MRS. BARBAULD.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array a numerous host ;
Awake, my soul ! or thou art lost.
- 2 Here giant danger threatening stands,
Mustering his pale, terrific bands ;
There pleasure's silken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.
- 3 See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.
- 4 Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
Deceitful snares beset thee round ;
Beware of all ; guard every part ;
But most the traitor in thy heart.
-

82.

C. P. M. WESLEY'S COL.

- 1 BE it my only wisdom here,
To serve the Lord with filial fear,
With loving gratitude :
Superior strength may I display,
By shunning every evil way,
And walking in the good.

PERSONAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

- 2 O may I still from sin depart ;
A wise and understanding heart,
Father, to me be given ;
And let me through thy Spirit know
To glorify my God below,
And find my way to heaven.
-

83.

P. M.

TICKNOR'S COL.

- 1 THIS world is not a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given ;
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know,
There's something here of heaven.
- 2 And he who walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit, from day to day,
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Feels something here of heaven.
- 3 He who the Christian course hath run,
And all his foes forgiven,
Hath measured out this life's short span,
In love to God and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.
-

84.

L. M.

WOTTON.

- 1 How happy is he born or taught,
Who serveth not another's will ;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his highest skill :
- 2 Whose passions not his masters are :
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
Not tied unto the world with care
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath :

- 3 Who God doth late and early pray
 More of his grace than goods to lend,
 And walks with man from day to day,
 As with a brother and a friend.

85.

C. M. TATE AND BRADY.

- 1 LORD, who's the happy man, that may
 To thy-blest courts repair;
 Not stranger-like, to visit them,
 But to inhabit there?
- 2 'Tis he whose every thought and deed,
 By rules of virtue moves;
 Whose generous tongue disdains to speak
 The thing his heart disproves.
- 3 Who never did a slander forge,
 His neighbor's fame to wound,
 Nor hearken to a false report,
 By malice whispered round.
- 4 Who vice, in all its pomp and power,
 Can treat with just neglect;
 And piety, though clothed in rags,
 Religiously respect.
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust,
 Has ever firmly stood;
 And though he promise to his loss,
 Yet makes his promise good.

86.

C. M.

BEDDOME.

- 1 AM I an Israelite indeed,
 Without a false disguise?
 Have I renounced my sins, and left
 My refuges of lies?

- 2 Say, does my heart unchanged remain,
Or is it formed anew?
What is the rule by which I walk,
The object I pursue?
- 3 Cause me, O God of truth and grace,
My real state to know;
If I am wrong, O set me right;
If right, preserve me so.

87.

C. M.

ROScoe.

- 1 This is the first and great command—
To love thy God above;
And this the second—as thyself
Thy neighbor thou shalt love.
- 2 Who is my neighbor? He who wants
The help which thou canst give;
And both the law and prophets say,
This do, and thou shalt live.

88.

L. M.

DRUMMOND

- 1 As body when the soul has fled,
As barren trees, decayed and dead,
Is faith; a hopeless, lifeless thing,
If not of righteous deeds the spring.
- 2 One cup of healing oil and wine,
One tear-drop shed on mercy's shrine,
Is thrice more grateful, Lord, to thee,
Than lifted eye or bended knee.
- 3 To doers only of the word,
Propitious is the righteous Lord;
He hears their cries, accepts their prayers,
Binds up their wounds, and soothes their
cares.

89.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 HAD I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found,
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.
- 2 Were I inspired to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell ;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still, I am nothing without love.
- 3 Should I distribute all my store,
To feed the cravings of the poor ;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name ;
- 4 If love to God and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain :
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The works of love can e'er fulfil.

90.

7s M.

- 1 LORD, what offering shall we bring,
At thine altar when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow ;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye expressed ;
Sympathy, at whose control,
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;
- 2 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love embracing all our kind,
Charity with liberal store :

PERSONAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee, and all mankind.

91.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
'To prove the doctrine all divine.
 - 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Savior, God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
 - 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth and love,
Our inward piety approve.
-

92.

L. M.

SCOTT.

- 1 TH' uplifted eye, and bended knee,
Are but vain homage ,Lord, to thee :
In vain our lips thy praise prolong,
The heart a stranger to the song.
- 2 Can rites, and forms, and flaming zeal
The breaches of thy precepts heal ?
Or fasts and penance reconcile
Thy justice, and obtain thy smile ?

PERSONAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

- 3 The pure, the humble, contrite mind,
Sincere, and to thy will resigned,
To thee a nobler offering yields,
Than Sheba's groves, or Sharon's fields.
 - 4 Love God and man—this great command
Doth on eternal pillars stand ;
This did thine ancient prophets teach,
And this thy well-beloved preach.
-

93.

L. M.

REF. LITURGY.

- 1 If high or low our station be,
Of noble or ignoble name,
By uncorrupt integrity,
Thy blessing Lord we humbly claim.
 - 2 The upright man no want shall fear ;
Thy providence shall be his trust ;
Thou wilt provide his portion here,
Thou friend and guardian of the just.
 - 3 May we, with most sincere delight,
To all the test of duty pay ;
Regardful of each social right,
Obedient to thy righteous sway.
-

94.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 LET Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.
- 2 Love suffers long with patient eye,
Nor is provoked in haste ;
She lets the present injury die,
And long forgets the past.

PERSONAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

- 3 She lays her own advantage by,
 'To seek her neighbor's good ;
So God's own Son came down to die,
 And save us by his blood.
- 4 Love is the grace that keeps her power
 In all the realms above ;
There faith and hope are known no more,
 But saints forever love.
-

95.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 Thus saith the first, the great command,
 'Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God,
 With sacred fervor and delight.
- 2 'Then shall thy neighbor next in place,
 Share thine affections and esteem ;
And let thy kindness to thyself
 Define and rule thy love to him.'
- 3 This is the sense that Moses spoke,
 This did the prophets preach and prove ;
For want of this the law is broke,
 And all the law's fulfill'd by love.
- 4 But O, how base our passions are !
 How cold our charity and zeal !
Lord, fill our souls with heavenly fire,
 Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.
-

96.

C. M.

COBB'S COL.

- 1 Who is thy neighbor ? he whom thou
 Hast power to aid or bless ;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
 Thy soothing hand may press.

PERSONAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

- 2 Thy neighbor? 'tis the fainting poor,
Whose eye with want is dim;
O, enter thou his humble door,
With aid and peace for him.
 - 3 Thy neighbor? 'tis the weary slave,
Fettered in mind and limb;
He hath no hope this side the grave;
Go thou, and ransom him.
 - 4 Thy neighbor? pass no mourner by;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery;
Go, share thy lot with him.
-

97.

C. M.

NEEDHAM.

- 1 HAPPY the man, whose cautious steps
Still keep the golden mean;
Whose life, by wisdom's rules well formed,
Declares a conscience clean.
- 2 What blessings bounteous Heaven bestows,
He takes with thankful heart;
With temp'rance he both eats and drinks,
And gives the poor a part.
- 3 To sect or party his large soul
Disdains to be confined;
The good he loves of every name,
And prays for all mankind.
- 4 His business is to keep his heart;
Each passion to control;
Nobly ambitious well to rule
The empire of his soul.
- 5 Not on the world his heart is set,
His treasure is above;
Nor aught beneath the sovereign good
Can claim his highest love.

VI. MEEKNESS AND HUMILITY.

98.

L. M.

ENFIELD.

- 1 WHEREFORE should man, frail child of clay,
Who from the cradle to the shroud,
Lives but the insect of a day—
O why should mortal man be proud?
- 2 Follies and crimes, a countless sum,
Are crowded in life's little span :
How ill, alas, does pride become
That erring, guilty creature, man !
- 3 God of my life, Father divine !
Give me a meek and lowly mind :
In modest worth, O let me shine,
And peace in humble virtue find.

99.

S. M.

- 1 'BLEST are the meek,' he said,
Whose doctrine is divine ;
The humble-minded earth possess,
And bright in heaven shall shine.
- 2 The God of peace is theirs ;
They own his gracious sway ;
And yielding all their wills to him,
His sovereign laws obey.

MEEKNESS AND HUMILITY.

- 3 No angry passions move,
No envy fires the breast ;
The prospect of eternal peace,
Bids every trouble rest.
- 4 O gracious Father, grant
That we this influence feel,
That all we hope, or wish, may be
Subjected to thy will.
-

100.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 Is there ambition in my heart ?
Search, gracious God, and see ;
Or do I act a haughty part ?
Lord, I appeal to thee.
- 2 Whate'er thine all-discerning eye
Sees for thy creature fit,
I'll bless the good, and to the ill
Contentedly submit.
- 3 With humble pleasure let me view
The prosperous and the great ;
Malignant envy let me fly,
And odious self-conceit.
- 4 Let not despair, nor fell revenge
Be to my bosom known ;
O give me tears for others' wo,
And patience for my own !
-

101.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 Blest are the humble souls that see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.

MEEKNESS AND HUMILITY.

- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart,
The love of Christ divinely flows
A healing balm for all their woes.
 - 3 Blest are the meek, who stand afar
From rage and tumult, noise and war,
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.
-

102.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 THUS saith the high and lofty One,
'I sit upon my holy throne;
My name is God—I dwell on high,—
Dwell in mine own eternity.
 - 2 'But I descend to worlds below,
On earth I have a mansion too :
The humble spirit and contrite
Is an abode of my delight.
 - 3 'The humble soul my words revive,
I bid the mourning sinner live ;
Heal all the broken hearts I find,
And ease the sorrows of the mind.'
-

103.

C. M.

- 1 O, what a lovely thing to see
A man of prudent heart ;
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree
To act the Christian part.
- 2 When envy, strife and war begin
In little angry souls,
Mark how the sons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

MEEKNESS AND HUMILITY.

- 3 Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor does their anger rise;
Nor passion move their lips to speak,
Nor pride exalt their eyes.
- 4 Their lives are prudence mixed with love;
Good works employ their day;
'They blend the serpent with the dove,
But cast the sting away.

VII. LOVE, PITY, FORGIVENESS.

104.

L. M.

SCOTT.

- 1 HAPPY the meek, whose gentle breast,
Clear as the summer-evening ray,
Calm as the regions of the blest,
Enjoys on earth celestial day.
 - 2 His heart no broken friendships sting,
No storms his peaceful tent invade;
He rests beneath the Almighty wing,
Hostile to none, of none afraid.
 - 3 Spirit of grace! all meek and mild,
Inspire our breasts, our souls possess,
Repel each passion rude and wild,
And bless us, as we aim to bless.
-

105.

C. M.

MRS. BARBAULD.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose tender heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain:
- 2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's wo to feel;
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

LOVE, PITY, FORGIVENESS.

- 3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.
- 4 To gentle offices of love,
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.
-

106.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE

- 1 FATHER of mercies, send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form in our obedient souls
The image of thy love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing breasts
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share another's joy,
And weep for others' woe.
- 3 Whene'er the helpless sons of want
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.
- 4 So Jesus looked on wretched man,
When seated in the skies;
Amidst the glories of that world,
He felt compassion rise.
- 5 On wings of love the Savior flew,
To raise us from the ground;
And shed his rich and precious blood,
A balm for every wound.

LOVE, PITY, FORGIVENESS.

107.

C. M.

PROB.

- 1 THE man of charity extends
To all a liberal hand ;
His kindred, neighbors, foes and friends,
His pity may command.
- 2 He aids the poor in their distress,
He hears when they complain ;
With tender heart delights to bless,
And lessen all their pain.
- 3 The sick, the prisoner, poor and blind,
And all the sons of grief,
In him a benefactor find ;
He loves to give relief.
- 4 Then let us all in love abound,
And charity pursue ;
Thus shall we be with glory crowned,
And love as angels do.

108.

L. M.

SALISBURY COL.

- 1 O God, our Father and our King,
Of all we have or hope, the spring ;
Send down thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with holy love.
- 2 May we from every act abstain
That hurts, or gives our neighbor pain,
And every secret wish suppress
That would abridge his happiness.
- 3 Still may we find our hearts inclined
To act the friend to all mankind ;
Still seek their safety, health and ease,
Their virtue and eternal peace.

LOVE, PITY, FORGIVENESS.

- 4 With pity may our breasts o'erflow,
When we behold a wretch in wo ;
And bear a sympathizing part
With all who are of heavy heart.
- 5 Let love in all our conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine ;
Thus may we his disciples prove,
Who came to manifest thy love.
-

109.

S. M.

A. BALLOU.

- 1 BREATHE, Father, through my soul
Thy Spirit's balmy breath,
And all anew its structure mould,
An image of thyself.
- 2 Ignite the generous glow
Of sympathetic fire,
And make my bosom overflow
With merciful desire.
- 3 Then will another's bliss
Become my chief delight ;
Whate'er occurs to him amiss
My pitying breast excite.
- 4 Then smile will answer smile,
And tear respond to tear ;
Nor envy's foul envenomed guile
My conscience ever sear.
-

110.

S. M.

ENFIELD.

- 1 I HEAR a voice of wo !
I hear a brother's sigh !
Then let my heart with pity flow,
With tears of love mine eye.

LOVE, PITY, FORGIVENESS.

- 2 I hear the thirsty cry !
The hungry beg for bread !
Then let my spring its stream supply,
My hand its bounty shed.
 - 3 The debtor humbly sues,
Who would but cannot pay ;
And shall I lenity refuse,
Who need it every day ?
 - 4 If not, how shall I dare
Appear before thy face,
Great God ! and how present the prayer
For thy forgiving grace !
-

III.

L. M.

SMART.

- 1 LET men of high conceit and zeal
Their fervor and their faith proclaim ;
If charity be wanting still,
The rest is but a sounding name.
- 2 Patient and meek, she suffers long,
And slowly her resentments rise ;
She soon forgets the greatest wrong,
And soon the passion dies.
- 3 This is the grace that reigns on high,
And will forever brightly burn,
When hope shall in enjoyment die,
And faith to full fruition turn.

112.

7s M.

J. A. FLETCHER.

- 1 GIVE as God hath given thee,
With a bounty large and free ;
If he hath, with liberal hand,
Given wealth at thy command,
From the fulness of thy store,
Give thy needy brother more.
 - 2 Hearts there are with grief oppressed ;
Forms, in tattered raiment dressed ;
Homes, where want and wo abide ;
Dens, where vice and misery hide ;
With a bounty large and free,
Give as God hath given thee.
 - 3 Wealth is thine, to aid and bless,
Strength to succor and redress ;
Bear thy weaker brother's part,
Strong of hand and strong of heart ;
Be thy portion large or small,
Givé ! for God doth give thee all.
-

113.

C. M.

- 1 WHY should I pause, when at my door
A shivering mortal stands,
To ask the cause that made him poor,
Or why he help demands ?
- 2 Why should I spurn that brother's prayer
For faults he once has known ;
Or coldly leave him in despair,
And say that I have none ?

LOVE, PITY, FORGIVENESS.

3 The voice of Charity is kind,
She seeketh nothing wrong,
'To every fault she seemeth blind,
Nor vaunteth with her tongue.

4 In penitence she pleadeth faith,
Hope smileth at the door,
Believeth first, then softly saith,
Go, brother, sin no more.

114.

11s M.

PATTEN.

1 Chide mildly the erring! kind language en-
dears;
Grief follows the sinful—add not to their tears;
Forbear with reproaches fresh pain to bestow:
The heart which is stricken needs never a
blow.

2 Chide mildly the erring! jeer not at their fall!
If strength were but human, how weakly
were all!
What marvel that footsteps should wander astray,
When tempests so darken life's wearisome way!

3 Chide mildly the erring! entreat them with
care!
Their natures are mortal, they need not despair;
We all have some frailty, we all are unwise,
And the grace which redeems us must shine
from the skies.

115.

P. M.

A. BALLOU.

1 FULL often to our God we pray,
 'O, forgive! O, forgive;
 Take all our load of guilt away,
 O, forgive! O, forgive!
 And this must be our daily care
 Till not a stain of sin we bear:
 We still must breathe the contrite prayer,
 'O, forgive! O, forgive!'

2 But dare we for ourselves thus plead—
 'O, forgive! O, forgive!
 And yet our brother's inj'rous deed
 Not forgive, not forgive?
 May we his suppliant look despise,
 And spurn his penitential cries,
 While we repeat, with lifted eyes—
 'O, forgive! O, forgive!'

3 Hath not the Father said from heaven,—
 'Who forgives, who forgives,
 In heart, shall be himself forgiven
 All his sins, all his sins?
 And he who not forgives shall call
 In vain upon the Lord of all
 His own poor soul to disenthral,
 To forgive, to forgive.

116.

11s M.

COLESWORTHY.

1 Go to thy brother, now feeble and low—
 With words of compassion, go quickly, go, go;
 Go tell him there's mercy and kindness in store,
 If he will stand up and sin nevermore.

LOVE, PITY, FORGIVENESS.

- 2 O do not reproach him because he has erred—
Nor frown on his weakness, nor speak a harsh
word :
But go to thy brother, faint, feeble and low,
And yet thou wilt save him—go quickly ; go, go.
- 3 See—see !—his eyes brighten, his spirits re-
vive—
Some feeling of manhood in him is alive ;
Speak softly—speak gently—thou'lt save him
I know ;
God's love is yet in you—go quickly, go, go.
- 4 He sees you—he hears you—a blessing he
craves
On the head of the angel who cometh and
saves.
List ! mercy he asks, with hands to the skies,
As from his deep anguish he struggles to rise.
-

117.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 BLEST is the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor in their distress ;
Whose pity wipes the widow's tear,
Whose hand supports the fatherless.
- 2 His heart contrives for their relief
More good than his own hands can do ;
He in the time of general grief
Shall find the Lord has pity too.
- 3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth,
Around him multiply their dead.

LOVE, PITY, FORGIVENESS.

- 4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven :
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.
-

118.

10s & 6s M.

- 1 Must I my faith in Jesus constant show,
By love like his to all, both friend and foe ?
To all, both friend and foe.
- 2 When men of hate conspire to treat me ill,
Must I return them good, and bless them still ?
O yes, and bless them still.
- 3 Although my name and character they tear,
Must I eschew revenge, and still forbear ?
O yes, and still forbear.
- 4 And wilt thou ne'er permit me, heavenly Dove,
Aught else to manifest through life but love ?
Nought else through life but love.
- 5 Amen, my heart responds, then be it so,
Thy will be mine, and thine my weal or woe ;
Fear not in weal or woe.

VIII. CONTRITE ASPIRATIONS.

119.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 MY soul lies cleaving to the dust,
Lord, give me life divine;
From vain desires and every lust
Turn off these eyes of mine.
 - 2 Are not thy mercies sovereign still?
And thou a faithful God?
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
To run the heavenly road?
 - 3 Does not my heart thy precepts love?
And long to see thy face?
And yet how slow my spirits move,
Without enlivening grace.
 - 4 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
And ne'er forget thy word,
When I have felt thy quickening power
To draw me near the Lord.
-

120.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 O THAT the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still!
O that the Lord would grant me grace
To know and do his will!

CONTRITE ASPIRATIONS.

2 Send thy good Spirit, Lord, to write
Thy law upon my heart,
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

3 From vanity turn off mine eyes,
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this heart of mine.

4 My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slide ;
O bring me back to virtue's way,
And be thy truth my guide.

121.

S. M.

1 ASTONISHED and distressed,
I turn mine eyes within ;
My heart with loads of guilt oppressed,
The seat of restless sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there !
Distrust, presumption, artful guile,
Pride, envy, slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of saints,
These tyrant lusts subdue ;
Expel the darkness of my mind,
And all my powers renew.

4 O then my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise ;
My soul shall glow with gratitude,
My lips proclaim thy praise.

CONTRITE ASPIRATIONS.

122.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 RENEW me, O my God, within,
And form my soul averse to sin ;
Let thy good Spirit not depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 2 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banished from thy sight ;
Thy holy joys, O God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 3 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
And, Father, thou wilt ne'er despise
A contrite heart for sacrifice.

123.

C. M.

A. BALLOU.

- 1 O LORD, our scanty faith we mourn,
So languid weak and dim ;
We scarce perceive the heavenly bourn,
And faint in every limb.
- 2 Far down thy holy mountain's side,
With Alps on Alps above,
Vast distances our tents divide
From thy bright throne of Love.
- 3 How can we climb these rugged heights,
And gain those sinless skies,
Till grace our dormant will excites
To grasp th' immortal prize ?
- 4 Rend off, O Lord, this sensual shroud,
That binds the torpid soul,
By faith eternal things uncloud,
And speed us to our goal.

CONTRITE ASPIRATIONS.

- 5 Then shall our darkness turn to light,
Our rough ascent grow smooth,
And tottering weakness, clothed with might,
At length triumphant prove.
-

124.

C. M.

COWPER.

- 1 O ! FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road,
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
How sweet their mem'ry still ;
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 3 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest ;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 4 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from the throne,
And worship only thee.
-

125.

S. M.

WESLEY'S COL.

- 1 I WANT a sober mind,
A self renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind,
The baits of pleasing ill ;
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss,
Bold to embrace, firm to sustain
The consecrated cross.

CONTRITE ASPIRATIONS.

2 I want a godly fear,
A quick discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And makes the tempter fly ;
A spirit still prepared,
And armed with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

3 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name ;
A zealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise ;
A pure desire that all may learn,
And glorify thy grace.

126.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 God is a Spirit, just and wise,
He sees our inmost mind ;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
And leave our souls behind.
- 2 Nothing but truth before his throne
With honor can appear ;
The painted hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.
- 3 Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground ;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.
- 4 Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,
And make my soul sincere ;
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

127.

L. M.

- 1 WHENE'ER to call the Savior mine,
With ardent wish my heart aspires,
Can it be less than power divine,
Which animates these strong desires ?
- 2 What less than thy almighty word
Can raise my heart from earth and dust,
And bid me cleave to thee, my Lord,
My life, my treasure, and my trust ?
- 3 Let thy kind Spirit in my heart
Forever dwell, O God of love,
And light and heavenly peace impart,
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

128.

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee, I call,
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.
- 2 The smilings of thy face,
How amiable they are !
'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
And nowhere else but there.
- 3 Not all the harps above,
Can make a heavenly place,
If God his residence remove,
Or but conceal his face.
- 4 Not earth, nor all the sky,
Can one delight afford ;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

CONTRITE ASPIRATIONS.

- 5 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll :
The circle where my passions rove,
And centre of my soul.
-

129.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 THOU art my portion, O my God ;
Soon as I know the way,
My heart prepares t' obey thy word,
And suffers no delay.
- 2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
And glory in my choice ;
Not all the riches of the earth
Can make me so rejoice.
- 3 The testimonies of thy grace
I set before my eyes ;
Thence I derive my daily strength,
And there my comfort lies.
- 4 If e'er I wander from thy path,
I think upon my ways,
Then turn my feet to thy commands,
And trust thy pardoning grace.
- 5 If thou incline this wandering heart
Thy precepts to fulfil ;
Then, till my mortal life shall end,
I shall perform thy will.
-

130.

C. M.

A. BALLOU.

- 1 MY fleshly lusts I hate,
And all their works detest ;
Yet strangely on their mandate wait,
And do their vile behest.

CONTRITE ASPIRATIONS.

- 2 The law of Life I love,
And would its path pursue ;
Yet often grieve the Heavenly Dove,
And prove to Christ untrue.
- 3 In dust and ashes bowed,
O Lord, I cry to thee ;
With sunlight mercy pierce this cloud,
And set my spirit free.
- 4 Frail child, thy Savior reigns—
He knows thine utmost need ;
His hand shall lay thy foes in chains,
And thee to glory lead.
-

131.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 My God ! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee ;
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.
- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Savior, go ?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
One sovereign word can draw me thence ;
I would obey thy voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.
- 4 Be earth, with all her strife, withdrawn,
Let noise and vanity be gone ;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

132.

L. M. 6 l.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 I WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind :
Of power to conquer every sin ;
Of love to God and all mankind ;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.
- 2 O, that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast ;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of in-dwelling God.

133.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 I WANT a principle within
Of jealous, godly fear ;
A sensibility to sin,
A pain to find it near.
- 2 I want the first approach to feel
Of pride, or fond desire ;
To catch the wandering of my will,
And quench the kindling fire.
- 3 From Thee that I no more may part,
No more Thy goodness grieve,
The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
The tender conscience give.
- 4 Quick as the apple of an eye,
O God, my conscience make !
Awake my soul, when sin is nigh,
And keep it still awake.

134.

C. M.

C. WESLEY.

- 1 LORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all Thy people known ;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone.
- 2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above ;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O, that I now that rest might know,
Believe, and enter in ;
Now, Father, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.
- 4 Remove all hardness from my heart,
All unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of Thy love.

135.

S. M.

EPISCOPAL COL.

- 1 O CEASE, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam ;
All this wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
- 2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door ;
O, haste to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.
- 3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

136.

S. M.

WESLEYAN.

- 1 GREAT Source of life and light,
Thy heavenly grace impart,
And by thy Holy Spirit write
Thy law upon my heart :
My soul would cleave to thee ;
Let nought my purpose move ;
O, let my faith more steadfast be,
And more intense my love !
- 2 Imbue my constant mind
With deep humility,
And let an ardent zeal be joined
With perfect charity ;
The grace to me impart,
With meekness to reprove,
To hate the sin with all my heart,
And still the sinner love.

IX. JOY, GRATITUDE, PRAISE.

137.

C. M.

ADDISON.

- 1 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
- 2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 4 When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face :
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.
- 5 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

138.

10s. & 11s.

PARK.

- 1 My soul, praise the Lord, speak good of his
name!
His mercies record, his bounties proclaim :
To God, their Creator, let all creatures raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise !
- 2 Tho' hid from man's sight God sits on his throne,
Yet here by his works their author is known :
The world shines a mirror its Maker to show,
And heaven views its image reflected below.
- 3 By knowledge supreme, by wisdom divine,
God governs this earth with gracious design ;
O'er beast, bird, and insect his providence
reigns,
Whose will first created, whose love still sustains.
- 4 And man, his last work, with reason endued,
Who, falling through sin, by grace is renewed ;
To God, his Creator, let man ever raise
The song of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise !
-

139.

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 To God, the only wise,
Our Savior and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And every hurtful snare.

JOY, GRATITUDE, PRAISE.

3 He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.

4 To our Redeemer God
Wisdom and power belong;
Immortal crowns of majesty,
And everlasting song.

140.

S. M.

WATTS.

1 O LORD, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
I raise my wondering eyes,
And see the moon, complete in light,
Adorn the darksome skies:

3 When I survey the stars,
And all their shining forms,
Lord, what is man, that feeble thing,
Akin to dust and worms!

4 Lord, what is feeble man,
That thou should'st love him so!
Next to thine angels is he placed,
And lord of all below.

5 How rich thy bounties are!
And wond'rous are thy ways;
Of dust and worms thy power can frame
A monument of praise.

141.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 GIVE to our God immortal praise ;
Mercy and truth are all his ways :
Wonders of grace to God belong ;
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fixed the starry lights on high :
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 3 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave ;
Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 4 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat ;
His mercies ever shall endure,
When this vain world shall be no more.

142.

7s. M.

RYLAND.

- 1 SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise ;
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.
- 2 Thou didst form me by thy power,
Thou wilt guide me, hour by hour ;
All my times shall ever be
Ordered by thy wise decree ;
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth,
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief,

- 4 Times temptation's power to prove,
Times to taste a Savior's love ;
All is fixed, the means and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend.
-

143.

S. M.

MRS. STEELE.

- 1 My Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe :
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring,
Whence all my blessings flow.
- 2 Thou ever good and kind !
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind
My heart to grateful love.
- 3 The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live ;
My God ! thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.
- 4 O let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine.
-

144.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 BE thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heavens, where angels dwell ;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

- 2 My heart is fixed, my song shall raise
Immortal honors to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.
-

145.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 JESUS! I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 O may thy grace still cheer my heart!
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 4 I'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath,
And speechless, clasp thee to my arms,
My joy in life and death.

146.

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 How beauteous are their feet,
Who stand on Zion's hill !
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal.
- 2 How charming is their voice !
How sweet the tidings are !
' Zion, behold thy Savior king,
He reigns and triumphs here.'
- 3 How happy are our ears,
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for,
And sought, but never found !
- 4 How blessed are our eyes !
That see this heavenly light ;
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight !
- 5 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad :
Let every nation now behold
Their Savior and their God.

147.

L. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 AWAKE, our noblest powers, to bless
The God of Abra'm, God of Peace ;
Now by a dearer title known,
Father and God of Christ his Son.
- 2 Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer ;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That he has sought his God in vain.

JOY, GRATITUDE, PRAISE.

- 3 What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power, his love the same.
- 4 To thee our souls in faith arise,
To thee we lift expecting eyes,
And boldly through the desert tread ;
For God will guard where Christ hath led.
-

148.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 O FOR a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King !
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.
- 2 Whilst angels shout their lofty praise,
Let mortals learn their strains ;
Let all the earth their voices raise,
O'er all the earth he reigns.
- 3 Rehearse his praise with awe profound,
Let knowledge lead the song ;
Nor mock him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.
- 4 In Israel stood his ancient throne ;
He loved that chosen race ;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.
-

149.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 To our Almighty Maker, God,
New honors be addressed ;
His great salvation shines abroad,
And makes the nations blest.

JOY, GRATITUDE, PRAISE.

- 2 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come,
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 3 Joy to the world ! her Savior reigns,
Let men their songs employ ;
While lands and seas, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 4 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor violence abound ;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Wherever man is found.
-

150.

H. M.

TATE.

- 1 To God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat ;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great:
For God does prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.
- 2 To him, whose wondrous power,
All other gods obey ;
Who earthly kings adore,
This grateful homage pay :
For God will prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

151.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 WITH all my powers of heart and tongue,
I'll praise my Maker in my song ;
While holy zeal directs my eyes
To thy fair temple in the skies.
 - 2 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
I'll sing the wonders of thy word ;
Not all thy works and names below,
So much thy power and glory show.
 - 3 Amidst a thousand snares I stand,
Upheld and guarded by thy hand ;
'Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.
 - 4 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins ;
'The work which wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.
-

152.

C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

- 1 GREAT is the Lord ! our souls adore !
We wonder while we praise ;
Thy power, what creature can explore,
Or equal honors raise ?
- 2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
While suns shall set and rise ;
And tune my everlasting song
In realms beyond the skies.
- 3 Thy praise shall be my constant theme,
The wonders of thy power ;
I'll speak the honors of thy name,
And bid the world adore.

JOY, GRATITUDE, PRAISE.

- 4 But sweetly flowing strains shall tell
The riches of thy grace ;
And songs of grateful joy reveal
Thy spotless righteousness.
- 5 How large thy tender mercies are !
How wide thy grace extends !
On thy beneficence and care
The universe depends.
-

153.

L. M.

MRS. STEELE.

- 1 HAPPY the man whose hopes divine
On nature's guardian God recline ;
Who can with sacred transport say,
This God is mine, my help, my stay.
- 2 Heaven, earth and sea declare his name ;
He built, he filled their spacious frame ;
And o'er creation's fairest lines
His steadfast truth unchanging shines.
- 3 His justice looks on those who mourn
Beneath the proud oppressor's scorn ;
The hungry poor his hand sustains,
And breaks the wretched captive's chains.
- 4 If weary strangers friendless roam,
Divine protection is their home ;
The Lord relieves the widow's care,
And dries the helpless orphan's tear.

154.

P. M.

TATE.

- 1 O PRAISE ye the Lord,
Prepare your glad voice,
His praise in the great
Assembly to sing :
In their great Creator
Let all men rejoice,
And heirs of salvation
Be glad in their King.
 - 2 With glory adorned,
His people shall sing
To God, who defence
And plenty supplies ;
Their loud acclamations
To him their Great King,
Through earth shall be sounded,
And reach to the skies.
-

155.

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ;
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;
Thy truth forever stands.
- 2 Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more.

156.

L. M.

WATTS.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

X. THE GLORIOUS FUTURE.

157.

P. M.

A. BALLOU.

1 God shall be all in all :—

And then shall marshalled warriors,
No more upon the plain,
Renew their battle fury,
To multiply the slain ;
'Then shall the peaceful era,
By Zion's bards foretold,
With all its promised glory,
The ransomed world enfold.

2 God shall be all in all :—

And then the horrid slaver
Shall cross the waves no more,
Defenceless men to ravish
From Afric's injured shore ;
And all the sable millions,
In bondage held abroad,
Present the grateful tribute,
To their Redeeming God.

3 God shall be all in all :—

The church, long torn with faction,
Will lay each quarrel by,
And all her jealous watchmen,
See clearly eye to eye ;
Attired in bridal garments,
She'll take her Lord's right hand,
And free from spot or wrinkle,
Fulfil his high command.

THE GLORIOUS FUTURE.

- 4 God shall be all in all :—
And then shall dark rebellion
Against his holy throne
Be hushed in endless silence,
Where'er his name is known ;
The all-prevailing Victor
Will make an end of sins,
And only yield his sceptre,
When perfect love begins.
-

158.

C. M.

- 1 ROLL on, O Lord, the latter day,
When grace shall reign alone ;
And all the nations of the world,
Shall bow before thy throne.
- 2 Then shall pure converts crowd to Christ,
And bless the gospel sound ;
While grace eternal sweetly shines,
To ravish all around.
- 3 Then shall the watchmen of the Lamb,
Exalt the cross on high ;
And with a clear refulgent light,
Shall all see eye to eye.
- 4 Thus shall the glorious gospel fly ;
To sound the Savior forth ;
Till faith, and love, and joys divine,
Shall run through all the earth.
- 5 Then war shall cease, and wrath subside,
And peace immortal flow ;
And saints unite in joy and peace,
And glory reign below.

159.

H. M.

DODDRIDGE.

1 MARK the soft falling snow,
And the descending rain !
To heaven, from whence it fell,
It turns not back again ;
But waters earth,
Through every pore,
And calls forth all
Her secret store.

2 Arrayed in beauteous green,
The hills and vallies shine,
And man and beast are fed
By providence divine;
The harvest bows
Its golden ears,
The copious seed
Of future years.

3 So, saith the God of grace,
My gospel shall descend,
Almighty to effect
The purpose I intend ;
Millions of souls
Shall feel its power,
And bear it down
To millions more.

160.

C. M.

RIPPON'S COL.

1 LORD, let the gospel tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound ?

THE GLORIOUS FUTURE.

- 2 O when shall Afric's sable sons
Enjoy the heavenly word,
And, long in slavery held, become
The freemen of the Lord?
 - 3 When shall the savage, wand'ring tribes,
A dark bewildered race,
Sit down at our Immanuel's feet,
And learn his saving grace?
 - 4 Haste, sovereign mercy, to transform
Their cruelty to love;
Convert the tiger to the lamb,
The vulture to the dove.
-

161.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 Lo, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes,
THE reign of sin has passed away,
And man no longer dies.
- 2 The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest abode;
Men the dear objects of his grace,
And he their loving God.
- 3 His tender hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die.
- 4 How long, dear Savior, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay!
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

162.

C. M.

RIPPON'S COL.

- 1 FATHER, is not thy promise sure,
To thy exalted son ?
That through the nations of the earth,
The word of life shall run !
- 2 ' Ask and receive the heathen lands,
For thine inheritance,
And to the world's remotest ends
Thy empire shall advance.'
- 3 Hast thou not said the blinded Jews
Shall their Redeemer own ?
Whilst Gentiles to his standard crowd,
And bow before his throne ?
- 4 Are not all kingdoms, tribes, and tongues,
Beneath the arch of heaven,
To the dominion of thy Son,
Without exception given ?
- 5 From east to west, from north to south,
Then be his name adored,
Let earth with all her millions shout,
Hosanna to the Lord !

163.

L. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 THOUGH now the nations sit beneath
The darkness of o'erspreading death,
God will arise with light divine,
On Zion's holy towers to shine.
- 2 That light shall glance on distant lands,
And heathen tribes, in joyful bands,
Come with exulting haste to prove
The power and greatness of his love.

THE GLORIOUS FUTURE.

- 3 Lord, spread the triumphs of thy grace ;
Let truth, and righteousness, and peace,
In mild and lovely forms display
The glories of the latter day.
-

164.

8s, 7s & 4s. CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul—be still and gaze ;
See the promises advancing
To a glorious day of grace !
Blessed jubilee !
Let thy glorious morning dawn !
- 2 Let the dark, benighted Pagan,
Let the rude barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest,
Once obtained on Calvary :
Let the gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light ;
Now, from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night ;
Let redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day !
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel ;
Win and conquer—never cease !
May thy lasting, wide dominion
Multiply, and still increase :
Sway thy sceptre,
Savior, all the world around !

165.

S. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 O LORD, our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain ;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease ;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Extend thy healing wing,
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.
- 4 Let all on earth arise,
And hymns of triumph sing ;
From shore to shore—from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring !

166.

H. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 SOVEREIGN of worlds above,
And Lord of all below,
Thy faithfulness and love,
Thy power and mercy show :
Fulfil thy word,
Thy Spirit give ;
Let heathens live,
And praise the Lord.
- 2 Few be the years that roll,
Ere all shall worship thee ;
The travail of his soul
Soon let the Savior see :

THE GLORIOUS FUTURE.

O God of grace !
Thy power employ ;
Fill earth with joy,
And heaven with praise.

167.

C. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 O'ER mountain tops the mount of God,
In latter days shall rise,
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow ;
'Up to the mount of God,' they say,
'And to his house we'll go.'
- 3 The beams which shine from Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land ;
'The king who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.
- 4 No war shall rage, nor hostile strife
Disturb those happy years ;
To plow-shares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.
- 5 No longer hosts, encountering hosts,
Shall crowds of slain deplore ;
'They'll hang their trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

168.

7s. & 6s. CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
And hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?
 - 2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
Loud hallelujahs swelling
In one eternal sound!
-

169.

L. M. CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 SOON may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And over land, and stream and main,
Be swayed the sceptre of thy reign!
- 3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell—
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Savior reigns!

THE GLORIOUS FUTURE.

170.

7s. M.

CH. PSALMODY.

- 1 WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea!
Now is come the promised hour;
Jesus reigns with sovereign power!
 - 2 All ye nations, join and sing,
'Christ, of lords and kings is King!'
Let it sound from shore to shore;
Jesus reigns for evermore!
 - 3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice;
Yea, the whole creation sings;
Jesus is the King of kings!
-

171.

P. M.

E. DAVIS.

- 1 No SOUND of deadly strife,
No murderous lust of life,
Shall rend the air, or fill the hearts of men;
When, gentle as a dove,
Omnipotent in love,
The Prince of Peace shall visit earth again.
- 2 O then, where war has rolled,
'Through ages dark and old,
Its surging billows, dyed with human gore,
The stream of God shall glide
To nations far and wide,
While love's sweet anthem swells from shore to shore.

THE GLORIOUS FUTURE.

3 The inebriate's fount of wo,
Forever sealed, shall flow
No more to desolate the homes of men :
The oppressor's iron rod,
Doomed by the living God,
Shall never smite his plundered poor again.

4 See ! see ! glad beams of light,
Athwart sin's heavy night,
Stream from the morning's widely opening gates :
All hail ! the King of kings
Abroad his banner flings,
And earth, subdued, his peaceful reign awaits.

172.

10s. M.

POPE, ALT'D.

- 1 Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise ;
Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes ;
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day.
- 2 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn,
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
- 3 See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate
kings,
While every land its joyous tribute brings.
- 4 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust; and mountains melt away ;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;
Thy realm still lasts, thine own Messiah reigns.

173.

8s. & 7s.

E. DAVIS.

- 1 A vision opens on my eye ;
I see a mighty hand unroll,
As from the eternal throne on high,
Adown the clear and tranquil sky,
Jehovah's love-writ scroll !
- 2 A vision of that holy time,
Beheld by prophet-bards of old ;
When rapt in extasies sublime,
They saw, to earth's remotest clime,
The reign of peace unfold.
- 3 That reign, in triumph, heralds in
The glad earth's high millennial year ;
A year unbroken by the din
Of conflict, with its shame and sin ;—
The vision brings it near.
- 4 See ! clearer shines its written page,
As brighter glows the lengthening scroll !
Its pledge—a glorious heritage
Of peace and truth, from age to age,
While fadeless years shall roll.

174.

7s. & 6s.

MRS. COLBURN.

- 1 THE morn of Peace is beaming—
Its glory will appear ;
Behold its early gleaming,
The day is drawing near ;
The spear shall then be broken,
And sheathed the glittering sword—
The olive be the token,
And Peace the greeting word.

THE GLORIOUS FUTURE.

- 2 Yes—yes, the day is breaking !
Far brighter glows that beam !
The nations round are waking,
As from a midnight dream :
They see it radiance shedding,
Where all was dark as night ;
'Tis higher, wider spreading—
A boundless flood of light.
-

175.

P. M.

MRS. PRICE.

- 1 THE reign of love is hastening—
See the light, how it breaks,
The power of sin is wasting,
See the light ;
Soon war will all be ended !
See the light, how it breaks,
And peace and truth be blended,
See the light ;
Come O Savior ! hasten on,
Make earth a happy home.
- 2 Intemp'rance be demolished,
See the light, how it breaks,
And oppression all abolished,
See the light ;
Let earth's poor sons and daughters,
See the light, how it breaks,
Drink free salvation's waters,
See the light ;
Come O Savior ! hasten on,
Make earth a happy home.
- 3 Our God is now descending,
See the light, how it breaks,
With a host of love attending,
See the light ;

THE GLORIOUS FUTURE.

Hear the heavenly music ringing,
See the light, how it breaks,
Good news to mortals bringing,
See the light:
Come, O Savior ! hasten on,
Make earth a happy home.

4 We soon shall bask in glory,
See the light, how it breaks,
Mankind be pure and holy,
See the light
Streams bright from Christ the fountain,
See the light, how it breaks,
Wide o'er God's holy mountain,
See the light:
Come, O Savior, hasten on,
Make earth a happy home.

176.

P. M.

MACKAY.

1 THERE'S a good time coming, friends,
A good time coming ;
There's a good time coming friends,
Wait a little longer :
We may not live to see the day,
But earth shall glisten in the ray,
Of the good time coming ;
Cannon-balls may aid the truth,
But thought's a weapon stronger ;
We'll win our battle by its aid,
Wait a little longer.
O, there's a good time, &c.

THE GLORIOUS FUTURE

- 2 There's a good time coming, friends,
A good time coming;
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And right, not might, shall be the lord,
In the good time coming:
Worth, not birth, shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given,
Wait a little longer.
O, there's a good time, &c.
- 3 There's a good time coming, friends,
A good time coming;
Hateful rivalries of creed,
Shall not make their martyrs bleed,
In the good time coming;
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger;
And Charity shall trim her lamp,
Wait a little longer.
O, there's a good time, &c.
- 4 There's a good time coming, friends,
A good time coming;
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity,
In the good time coming:
Nations shall not quarrel then,
'To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake,
Wait a little longer.
O, there's a good time, &c.

XI. TEMPERANCE.

177.

C. M.

- 1 CAN we forget the gloomy time,
When Bacchus ruled the day,—
When dissipation, sloth and crime
Bore undisputed sway ?
The time—the time —the gloomy time—
The time now passed away,
When dissipation, sloth and crime
Bore undisputed sway.
- 2 All honor to the noble band,
Who feared no creature's frown,
And boldly pledged both heart and hand,
To put intemp'rance down ;
The band—the band—the noble band—
The band of blest renown—
Who boldly pledged both heart and hand
To put intemp'rance down.
- 3 Nor shall the *Pledge* be e'er forgot,
That so much bliss creates—
We'll touch not—taste not—handle not,
Whate'er intoxicates ;
The Pledge—the Pledge is not forgot—
The Pledge that Satan hates ;
We'll touch not—taste not—handle not,
Whate'er intoxicates.

TEMPERANCE.

178.

L. M.

- 1 Oh ! shun the bowl, when rich delight
Shines loveliest, mortal, in thy sight ;
Oh loathe the charms that tempt to sip,
Oh dash the rapture from thy lip !
 - 2 For 'neath the nectared pleasure's tide,
The rankest dregs of woe abide ;
And every drop that cheers thy heart,
Will madden more the poison's smart.
 - 3 'Tis like the smile of treachery,
'Tis like the glassy ocean's dye :
Deceit is lurking in that glow,
And death and danger frown below.
 - 4 Then, mortal, when the joys of earth
Invite thee to a pangless mirth,
Beware, nor dare the bowl to sip,
But dash the rapture from thy lip.
-

179.

P. M. F. W. ADLINGTON.

- 1 THERE came for the pledge a poor victim of
folly ;
His face bore the marks of contention and strife ;
With his children he came, his poor Oscar and
Rolle,
And her the poor sufferer, his soul-stricken wife:
Oh ! sad was his heart, as around him he gazed ;
His wild staring eyes with hard drinking were
glazed ;
He felt like a stranger, ashamed and amazed,
And seemed undecided to tarry or go.

TEMPERANCE.

2 Intemp'rance had set its foul seal on his features,
And heart-grinding poverty claimed him her own ;
You scarce could believe he was one of God's
creatures,

He looked so unmanly, so wretched and lone :
He asked for the pledge with a tone of petition,
And surveyed it all o'er with a look of contrition,
'Till meekly he came to the prudent decision,
'Twere safest to sign it and 'scape from his foe.

3 He stretched forth his hand that with palsy was
shaking,

And scarce could his fingers support the light pen ;
He sobbed as he wrote, for his stout heart was
breaking ;

He signed—and again he is numbered with men :
Intently he gazed on the record before him,
While looked his poor wife as she fain would
adore him, [him,

Convinced that the pledge would to virtue restore
And give her own husband again to her heart.

4 There comes to the church a fair daughter of Erin,
While two lovely children her footsteps attend ;
Tis she, the once wretched, but now happy
Mirein,

Who leans on the arm of her husband and friend:
There's a tear on her cheek from the fountain of
pleasure,

A smile on her lip as she looks on her treasure ;
While gratitude springs in her heart without
measure,

For blessings that blot out the memory of pain.

5 They come to the Altar where penitents gather,
And breathe their thanksgiving to God's holy name;
That he the loved husband, and now honored father,
Was plucked as a brand from the furnace of shame.

TEMPERANCE.

Oh, who that has looked on a scene so endearing,
For lucre would ruin a prospect so cheering,
And blight the fond hope of the sweet Rose of
And lure the freed soul to his fetters again ! [Erin,

180.

L. M.

WHITTIER.

- 1 TAKE back the bowl ! take back the bowl !
Reserve it for polluted lips ;
I will not bow, a tameless soul,
Beneath its dark and foul eclipse.
 - 2 Aye, take it back ; let others bring
Oblivion o'er the haunted soul—
My memory is a blessed thing—
Away ! Away ! take back the bowl.
 - 3 An upright heart—a guiltless brow—
A soul unbowed, are left alone ;
I will not break in madness now,
The only staff I lean upon.
 - 4 The keenest pangs that grief can send
Shall never prompt to deeds accursed—
Take back the bowl !—I will not bend,
A cowering spirit, to the dust.
-

181.

P. M.

WILLIS.

- 1 Look not upon the sparkling wine,
When red within the cup ;
Stay not for pleasure when she fills
Her tempting beaker up ;
'Though clear its depths, and rich its glow,
A spell of madness lurks below.

TEMPERANCE.

- 2 They say 'tis pleasant on the lip,
And lively on the brain ;
They say it stirs the sluggish blood,
And dulls the tooth of pain ;
Aye, but within its gloomy deeps,
A stinging serpent treach'rous sleeps.
- 3 Then turn the burning cup aside,
And spill the purple wine ;
Take not its madness to thy lip—
Let not its curse be thine :
'Tis red and rich, but grief and woe
Are hid those rosy depths below.
-

182.

L. M.

- 1 HosANNAS, Lord, to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys,
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days !
- 2 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound ;
The wife regains a husband freed !
The orphan clasps a father found !
- 3 Spare, Lord, the thoughtless, guide the blind,
Till man no more shall deem it just,
To live by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust.
- 4 With nature's draught your goblets fill,
And pledge the world that ye are free !
God of eternal truth, we WILL !
Our cause is thine, our trust in thee :

TEMPERANCE.

183.

P. M.

SARGENT.

Jeremiah, 13 : 12—14.

- 1 WHEN Israel's God in his anger had spoken,
The prophet prefigured the curse that he will'd :
It was not that life's golden bowl should be
broken,
But every bottle with wine should be filled.
 - 2 Avert, God of mercy, that sorrow and sadness,
That broke the fond hearts of Jerusalem then ;
Permit not the spirit of murder and madness
To move with the form and the features of men.
 - 3 Oh, let us not torture the treasures of heaven,
To find where the secret of misery lies ;
The stream, as it ripples, the rock that is riven,
The pure draught of nature for mortals supplies.
 - 4 The bonds of the bacchanal hence let us sever ;
The draught that bewilders the reason, resign ;
The type of the prophet be cherished forever :—
God's vials of wrath were their bottles of wine !
-

184.

7s. & 6s.

- 1 O, TREAT the drunkard kindly,
Say not to him in wrath,
He is a human monster—
An imp in virtue's path :
Say not, before his presence,
He is to mercy lost—
Though by intemp'rance shattered—
On dangerous billows tossed.

TEMPERANCE.

- 2 Speak to the drunkard kindly,
And take him by the hand,
And lead him where the outcast
Once more erect may stand ;
It is persuasion only
He needs to save him now ;
See ! gentle words and kindness,
How they inspire his brow !
- 3 Speak to the drunkard kindly,
And let the starting tear
Reveal thy warm affections,
And sympathy sincere !
For this—O, this will save him
From wretchedness and woe,
And cause within his bosom
Pure gratitude to flow.
- 4 O treat the drunkard kindly,
And you will surely win
From paths of degradation,
From sorrow and from sin :
And in the world of glory
Full many a soul will shine,
Which by your generous efforts,
Was raised to bliss divine.
-

185.

11s. & 8s.

- 1 HARK, hark, the sweet music that sounds thro'
And thrills in the ears of us all ; [the land,
As louder and louder each cold water band,
Responds to the true temp'rance call.
- 2 Lo ! thousands spring up from each valley and
And seizing the soul-stirring strain, [hill.
Send back the blest challenge with hearty good
From hill-top to valley again. [will,

TEMPERANCE.

- 3 And thus may the strains of the cold-water song
Refresh us while lasts the glad day ;
And night, in its stillness, the echo prolong,
Till time with us passes away.
- 4 While hope, with her warm light, each beaming
Evermore may that life-giving strain [eye fills,
Ring out as an earnest of joy, till it thrills
And echoes to heaven again.
-

186.

S. M.

M. W. HALE.

- 1 PRAISE for the glorious light,
Which crowns this joyous day ;
Whose beams dispel the shades of night,
And wake our grateful lay !
- 2 Praise for the mighty band,
Redeemed from error's chain ;
Whose echoing voices, through our land,
Join our triumphant strain !
- 3 Ours is no conquest gained
Upon the tented field ;
Nor hath the flowing life-blood stained
The victor's helm and shield.
- 4 But the strong might of love,
And truth's all-pleading voice,
As angels bending from above,
Have made our hearts rejoice.
- 5 Lord ! upward to thy throne
'Th' imploring voice we raise ;
The might, the strength, are thine alone !
Thine be our loftiest praise.

187.

C. M.

- 1 STAY, mortal, stay ! nor heedless thus,
Thy sure destruction seal ;
Within that cup there lurks a curse,
Which all who drink must feel.
- 2 Disease and death, forever nigh,
Stand ready at the door ;
And eager wait to hear the cry,
Of 'give me one glass more.'
- 3 Stay, mortal, stay ! repent, return,
Reflect upon thy fate ;
The poisonous draught indignant spurn—
Spurn, spurn it, ere too late.
- 4 O fly the place of licensed sin,
Nor linger near the door,
Lest thou, perchance, should taste again
The treacherous 'one glass more.'

188.

L. M.

- 1 God of our fathers, 'tis thy hand,
Hath turned the tide of death away,
That rolled in madness o'er the land,
And filled thy people with dismay.
- 2 Thy voice awoke us from our dream ;
Thy spirit taught our hearts to feel ;
'Twas thy own light, whose radiant beam
Came down our duty to reveal.
- 3 Almighty Parent, still in thee
Our spirits trust for strength divine ;
Gird us with heaven's own energy,
And o'er our paths let wisdom shine.

TEMPERANCE.

- 4 The work of man's destruction stay ;
The tide of fire still backward press ;
Drive each delusive mist away,
And every humble effort bless.
-

189.

7s. M. P. H. SWEETSER.

- 1 HARK ! the voice of choral song
Floats upon the breeze along,
Chanting clear, in solemn lays,—
' Man redeemed—to God the praise !'
- 2 Angels, strike the golden lyre !
Mortals, catch the heavenly fire !
Thousands ransomed from the grave,
Millions yet our pledge shall save !
- 3 Save from sin's destructive breath,
Save from sorrow, shame and death—
From foul intemp'rance and strife,
Save the husband, children, wife !
- 4 Courage ! let nò heart despair—
Mighty is the truth we bear !
Forward then, baptized in love,
Led by wisdom from above !
-

190.

P. M.

- 1 I've thrown the bowl aside,
For me no more shall flow
Its ruddy stream or sparkling tide,
How bright soe'er it glow ;
I've seen extending wide
Its devastating sway,
Seen reason yield his power to guide,—
I've cast the bowl away.

TEMPERANCE.

- 2 O ne'er tempt me again
To drain the cup of sin ;
For ruin dire, disease, and pain,
Taint all that foams within ;
Neglected duties rise
In fearful sad array,
Up to its brim,—I will be wise,—
I've cast the bowl away.
- 3 My days of revelry
O gladly I give up ;
They're but the marks of misery,
Which lurk within the cup ;
While Indolence and Want,
And Poverty display
Themselves in every drunkard's haunt,—
I've cast the bowl away !
- 4 A drunkard's gloomy grave
Shall ne'er be made for me ;
O rather let the rushing wave
Engulph me in the sea !
And may it be my lot
To die 'neath Reason's ray !
Remembered by my friends or not,—
I've cast the bowl away !
-

191.

8s. & 7s.

PIERPONT.

- 1 PILLOWS wet with tears of anguish,
Couches pressed in sleepless woe,
Where the sons of Belial languish,
Father, may we never know.
- 2 For the maddening cup shall never
To our thirsting lips be pressed,
But our draft shall be, forever,
The cold-water thou hast blessed.

TEMPERANCE.

3 This shall give us strength to labor,
This make all our stores increase;
This, with thee and with our neighbor,
Bind us in the bonds of peace.

4 For the lake, the well, the river,
Water-brook and crystal spring,
Do we now, to thee, the Giver,
Thanks, our daily tribute, bring.

192.

P. M.

WASH. HARP.

- 1 Touch not the cup, it is death to thy soul,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
Many I know who have quaffed from the bowl;
Touch not the cup, touch it not:
Little they thought that the demon was there,
Blindly they drank and were caught in the snare,
Then of the death-dealing bowl oh beware!
Touch not the cup, touch it not!
- 2 Touch not the cup when the wine glistens bright,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
Tho' like the ruby it shines in the light,
Touch not the cup, touch it not:
The fangs of the serpent are hid in the bowl,
Deeply the poison will enter thy soul,
Soon will it plunge thee beyond thy control,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
- 3 Touch not the cup, young man in thy pride,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
Hark to the warning of thousands who've died,
Touch not the cup, touch it not:
Go to their lonely and desolate tomb,
Think of their death, of their sorrow and gloom,
Think that perhaps thou may'st share in their
Touch not the cup, touch it not. [doom,

TEMPERANCE.

- 4 Touch not the cup, O drink not a drop,
Touch not the cup, touch not the cup;
All that thou lovest entreat thee to stop,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
Stop! for the home that to thee is so near,
Stop! for thy friends that to thee are so dear,
Stop, for thy country, the God thou dost fear,
Touch not the cup, touch it not.
-

193.

C. M.

- 1 'Tis but a drop,' the father said,
And gave it to his son,
But little did he think a work
Of death was then begun :
The 'drop' that lured when thus the babe
Scarce lisped his father's name,
Inspired a fatal appetite
Within his infant frame.
- 2 'Tis but a drop,' the comrades cried,
In truant school-boy tone,—
'It did not hurt us in our robes,
Nor will it now we're grown ;'
And so they drank the mixture up—
That reeling youthful band ;
For each had learned to love the taste,
From his own father's hand.
- 3 'Tis but a drop—I need it now,'
The staggering drunkard said ;
'It was my food in infancy,
My meat, and drink, and bread ;
A drop, a drop, oh let me have,
'Twill so refresh my soul !'
He took it—trembled—drank—and died,
Grasping the fatal bowl.

XII. ANTI-SLAVERY.

194.

P. M.

H. WARE JR.

- 1 OPPRESSION shall not always reign ;
 There comes a brighter day,
When freedom, burst from every chain,
 Shall have triumphant way.
Then right shall over might prevail,
And truth, like hero armed in mail,
The hosts of tyrant-wrong assail,
 And hold eternal sway.
- 2 What voice shall bid the progress stay,
 Of truth's victorious car,
What arm arrest the growing day,
 Or quench the solar star ?
What dastard soul, though stout and strong,
Shall dare bring back the ancient wrong,
Or slavery's guilty night prolong,
 And freedom's morning bar ?
- 3 The hour of triumph comes apace,
 The fated, promised hour,
When earth upon a ransomed race,
 Her beauteous gifts shall shower.
Ring, Liberty, thy glorious bell,
Bid high thy sacred banner swell,
Let trump on trump the triumph tell,
 Of heaven's redeeming power.

195.

L. M.

MONTGOMERY.

- 1 LET Mammon hold, while Mammon can,
The bones and blood of living man ;
Let despots scorn, while despots dare,
The shrieks and writhings of despair ;—
 - 2 The *end will come*, it will not wait,
Bonds, yokes and scourges have their date ;
Slavery itself must pass away,
And be a tale of yesterday.
-

196.

P. M.

E. DAVIS.

- 1 'It is falling ! it is falling !'
The Almighty speed the day,
When my country's giant thralldom
Shall forever pass away ;
When the hateful fetters melted
From the bondman's soul and limb,
He shall hail old freedom's temple,
Opening wide her gates to him.
- 2 It is falling—falling—falling !
By the wide green earth abhorred,
Deep to deep to judgment calling—
'It shall perish,' saith the Lord :
Perish ! though its bonds to strengthen,
Foul oppression wields her brand ;
Perish ! though its reign to lengthen,
Despots struggle hand in hand.

197.

S. M.

A. BALLOU.

- 1 SHALL kidnapped Afric's race,
In Southern bondage held,
Forever plead their deep distress,
And coldly be repelled?
 - 2 Shall wrong and outrage reign,
Where Freedom's ensigns wave,
And Christian men the right maintain
Their brethren to enslave?
 - 3 Shall flesh and blood decree
The mischief God abhors,
And rebel multitudes agree
To nullify his laws?
 - 4 Shall magistrates be made
Oppression's sworn right hand,
To guard the captive's dungeon gate,
And scourge him through the land?
 - 5 O Lord, in thunder tones,
Rebuke these giant crimes;
Behold the victims, hear their groans,
And rescue them betimes.
-

198.

7s & 6s.

MRS. COLBURN.

- 1 THE happy day is dawning,
The earth's bright jubilee—
The long expected morning,
That sets the bondman free;
The present signs betoken
That joyful time of peace;
All chains shall soon be broken,
And wrong and crime shall cease.

ANTI-SLAVERY.

- 2 Our land has long been blighted
 With sins of every name,
 Like heathen lands benighted,
 And gloried in its shame:
 But every day is laden
 With hope of good to come ;
 Earth yet shall be an Eden,—
 A paradise shall bloom.
- 3 In suffering and reproaches,
 We'll toil for truth and right ;
 The Jubilee approaches,
 We hail its dawning light :
 With faith and zeal increasing,
 We'll toil till slavery cease,
 And earth receive the blessing
 Of universal peace.
-

199.

P. M.

MRS. PRICE.

- 1 IN the Southern cane-brakes wailing,
 See our suffering brother stand ;
 Hear the chain and fetter trailing,
 See the iron gall his hand :
 Mourning brother !
 Who can loose that cruel band !
- 2 Where the glorious sun-light beaming,
 Bathes the warm and fertile plain,
 Human blood is daily streaming,
 To enlarge a tyrant's gain :
 Mourning brother—
 There thy blood is poured like rain !
- 3 Bondman, there is hope in heaven—
 God doth hear thy bitter cries ;
 ‘ Let the galling chain be riven,’

ANTI-SLAVERY.

He is speaking from the skies :

Mourning captive—

Freedom's sun will soon arise !

- 4 Light is breaking forth in beauty,
Burning words of love are spoke ;
Human hearts shall learn their duty ;
God will break the oppressor's yoke ;
Mourning captive,
Love will break the grievous yoke.
-

200.

P. M. OLIVER JOHNSON.

- 1 HARK ! a voice from heaven proclaiming
Comfort to the mourning slave !
God has heard him long complaining,
And extends his arm to save :
Proud Oppression
Soon shall find a shameful grave !
- 2 See the light of truth is breaking,
Full and clear on every hand !
And the voice of Mercy speaking,
Now is heard through all the land :
Firm and fearless,
See the friends of freedom stand.
- 3 Lo ! the nation is arousing
From its slumber long and deep ;
And the friends of God are waking,
Never, never more to sleep,
While a bondman
In his chains remains to weep.
- 4 Long, too long, have we been dreaming
O'er our country's sin and shame ;
Let us now, the time redeeming,
Press the helpless captive's claim,
Till, exulting,
He shall cast aside his chain !

201.

7s & 6s.

MRS. COLBURN.

1 HARK ! hark ! the clank of fetters,
 From shady grove and dell ;
 A shriek, where freedom's martyrs
 In mortal combat fell !
 What ! stripes, and chains, and fetters,
 And this in freedom's land—
 Where Liberty's proud altars,
 And boasted temples stand !

2 Is this the home of freedom,
 Of liberty and light,
 Where millions grope in thralldom,
 Deprived of law and right ?
 A refuge from oppression,
 For Europe's sons to share,—
 Whilst for a dark complexion,
 Her own the chain must wear !

3 Say, is that voice of wailing,
 That undissembled cry—
 That tale the slave is telling,
 Unworthy a reply ?
 O ! shall their many sorrows,
 Their dread of slavery's curse,
 And all its endless horrors,
 Unheeded be by us ?

202.

P. M.

MRS. PRICE.

1 I PITY the slave mother, care-worn and weary,
 Who sighs as she presses her babe to her breast ;
 I lament her sad fate, all so hopeless and dreary,
 I lament for her woes, and her wrongs unredressed.

ANTI-SLAVERY.

O, who can imagine her heart's deep emotion,
As she thinks of her children about to be sold !
You may picture the bounds of the rock-girdled
Ocean,
But the grief of that mother can never be told !

2 The mildew of slavery has blighted each blossom,
That ever has bloomed on her path-way below ;
It has frozen each fountain that gushed in her
bosom,
And chilled her heart's verdure with pitiless woe.
Her parents, her kindred, all crushed by oppression;
Her husband still doomed in its desert to stay ;
No arm to protect from the tyrant's aggression—
She must weep as she treads on her desolate way.

3 O, who will pour balm o'er her cup full of sorrow?
Where, where is the hand that is stretched out to
save ? [row,
Dawns not for that slave mother one happy mor-
Ere she lays herself down in a merciless grave ?
O, slave-mother ! is there no vision of gladness,
In the far-coming future, to light up thy sky ?
Is there nothing for thee but hard toiling and
sadness—
No repose for thy form but to lie down and die ?

4 O, slave-mother, hope; see, the nation is shaking !
The arm of the Lord is awake to thy wrong !
The slaveholder's heart now with terror is quak-
ing—
Salvation and mercy to heaven belong !
Rejoice, O rejoice ! for the child thou art rearing,
May one day lift up its unmanacled form, [ing,
While hope to thy heart, like the rainbow so cheer-
Is born, like the rainbow, midst tempest and storm.

1 In sweet southern vales where the orange trees
blossom, [plain ;
Where fragrance and sun-light are poured o'er the
Where blessings are strew'd that might cheer ev'ry
And beauty is lavished to banish all pain, [bosom,
Dark stains of oppression dim ev'ry fair flower,
And sighs of the weary are heard in each bower,
While groans of affliction mark ev'ry sad hour
That passes away in the land of the slave!

2 Affections are trampled, and manhood is blighted,
And woman's tears mingle with childhood's dis-
tress ;
The warnings of heaven are constantly slighted,
And hated the hand that his brother would bless :
O why comes the Spring to that blood-stained
plantation ?
Why streams the rich sun-light o'er man's degra-
dation ?
Why is ' mercy held out to this sin-harden'd nation,
That crushes God's image so low in the dust ?

3 But not on the whirlwind, with sword all upraised,
Will our Father in Heaven make bare his strong
arm ; [praised,
With *love* will he come, while that power be it
Will conquer the tyrant and rescue from harm :
The bondman, the freeman will raise their glad
voices,
While the North claps her hands and triumphant
rejoices,
As the anthem of Freedom, with myriads of voices,
Shall burst in the chorus of transport and praise !

3 The child was borne off to a far distant clime,
 While the mother was left in anguish to pine;
 But reason departed, and she sank broken-hearted,
 In sorrow and woe.

4 O list, ye kind mothers, to the cries of the slave;
 The parents and children implore you to save;
 Go! rescue the mothers, the sisters and brothers,
 From sorrow and woe.

206.

P. M. E. WRIGHT JR.

- 1 THE fetters galled my weary soul—
 A soul that seemed but thrown away;
 I spurned the tyrant's base control,
 Resolved at last the man to play:—
 The hounds are baying on my track;
 O Christian! will you send me back?
- 2 I felt the stripes, the lash I saw,
 Red, dripping with a father's gore;
 And worst of all their lawless law,
 The insults that my mother bore!
 The hounds are baying on my track,
 O Christian! will you send me back?
- 3 Where human law o'errules divine,
 Beneath the sheriff's hammer fell
 My wife and babes,—I call them mine,—
 And where they suffer, who can tell?
 The hounds are baying on my track,
 O Christian! will you send me back?
- 4 I seek a home where man is man,
 If such there be upon this earth,
 To draw my kindred, if I can,
 Around its free, though humble hearth.
 The hounds are baying on my track,
 O Christian! will you send me back?

207.

C. M.

D. H. JAKES.

- 1 O WEEP, ye friends of Freedom, weep !
 Shout liberty no more ;
 Your harps to mournful measures sweep,
 Till slavery's reign is o'er.
 O, furl your star-lit thing of light—
 That banner should not wave
 Where, vainly pleading for his right,
 Your Brother toils A SLAVE !

 - 2 O pray, ye friends of Freedom, pray
 For those who toil in chains,
 Who lift their fettered hands to-day
 On Carolina's plains !
 God is the hope of all th' oppressed ;
 His arm is strong to save ;
 Pray, then, that freedom's cause be blest,
 Your Brother is A SLAVE !

 - 3 O toil, ye friends of Freedom, toil !
 Your mission to fulfil,—
 That Freedom's consecrated soil,
 The slaves no longer till ;
 Ay, toil and pray from deep disgrace
 Your native land to save ;
 Weep o'er the miseries of your race,
 Your Brother is A SLAVE !
-

208.

C. M.

- 1 WHAT mean ye that ye bruise and bind
 My people, saith the Lord,
 And starve your craving brother's mind,
 Who asks to hear my word ?

ANTI-SLAVERY.

- 2 What mean ye that ye make them toil,
Through long and weary years,
And shed like rain upon your soil,
Their blood and bitter tears ?
- 3 What mean ye, that ye dare to rend
The tender mother's heart ?
Brothers from sisters, friend from friend,
How dare you bid them part ?
- 4 What mean ye, when God's bounteous hand
To you so much has given,
That from the slave who tills your land,
Ye keep both earth and heaven !
-

209.

P. M.

MRS. FOLLEN.

- 1 HEAR ye not the voice of anguish,
In our own—our native land ?
Brethren, doomed in chains to languish,
Lift to heaven the fettered hand ;
And despairing,
Death, to end their grief, demand.
- 2 Let us raise our supplication,
For the scourged, the suff'ring slave—
All whose life is desolation,
All whose hope is in the grave ;
God of mercy !
From thy throne, O, hear and save.
- 3 Those in bonds we would remember ;
Lord, our hands with theirs are bound !
With each helpless, suff'ring member,
Let our sympathies be found ;
Till our labors
Spread the smile of freedom round.

- 4 Even now thy word is spoken !
 ' Lo, the tyrant's power must cease !
 From the slave the chain be broken !'
 Captives, hail the kind release !
 Then in splendor
 Christ shall reign, the Prince of Peace !
-

210.

L. M.

W. L. GARRISON.

- 1 THE hour of freedom ! come it must—
 O ! hasten it in mercy, heaven !
 When all who grovel in the dust
 Shall stand erect, their fetters riven.
- 2 When glorious freedom shall be won
 By every caste, complexion, clime ;
 When tyranny shall be o'erthrown,
 And *color* cease to be a *crime* !
- 3 Friend of the poor, long-suffering Lord !
 This guilty land from ruin save ,
 Let Justice sheathe her glittering sword,
 And Mercy rescue from the grave.
- 4 And ye, who are like cattle sold,
 Ignobly trodden like the earth,
 And bartered constantly for gold—
 Your souls debased from their high birth—
- 5 Bear meekly still your cruel woes,
 Light follows darkness—comfort, pain ;
 So time shall give you sweet repose,
 And sever every hateful chain.

211.

11s. & 8s.

MRS. PRICE.

West India Emancipation.

- 1 How brightly they lie on the ocean's deep surge,
 All gilded by freedom and love ;
 The zephyr's sweet voice has sung tyranny's dirge,
 And wafts their glad praises above.
- 2 The mother, who knelt where the briny waves
 And lifted her hands in despair ; [beat,
 Now feels that the fetter is loosed from her feet,
 Her loved ones released from the snare.
- 3 There's joy in the cabin where once there was
 The *husband*, the *father* is free— [woe,
 While blessings of Liberty sweetly o'erflow
 Those beautiful Isles of the sea.
- 4 A halo of glory encircles them now,
 A rainbow is seen in the sky ;
 Fair freedom looks up with a wreath on her brow,
 And points to the glory on high.
- 5 Those slaves once degraded may now hope to
 The mansions prepared for the blest ; [gain
 Away from the thoughts of their bondage and pain,
 With purified spirits to rest.

212.

P. M.

O. JOHNSON.

The Same.

- 1 THE bondmen are free in the Isles of the main!
 The chains from their limbs they are flinging !
 They stand up as MEN—never tyrants again
 Their God-given rights in proud scorn shall pro-
 It is LIBERTY's song they are singing : [fane,
 Hark, loud swells their strain o'er the foaming sea,
 ' Freedom ! holy freedom ! freedom, our joy is in
 thee !'

ANTI-SLAVERY.

2 That shout of the freed-men bursts sweet on
our ears !

Their hymn full of joy, hear it swelling !

Their hearts throb with pleasure, their eyes fill
with tears,

As ends the hard bondage of many long years :

Now exultant with pride they are telling—

‘ Free, free are we from the slave’s hard yoke !

Freemen, faithful freemen—freemen, our fetters
have broke !’

3 Now praise to Jehovah ! the might of His love
At length o’er the foe is prevailing ;

His truth was the weapon, and by it we strove,

In the light of his spirit sent down from above—

E’en his love and his truth never failing ;

Thanks, thanks unto God ! now the slave is free !

Freedom ! holy freedom ! Father, our thanks are
to thee !

4 O ye who are blest with fair Liberty’s light,

With courage and hope all abounding,

With weapons of love be ye bold for the right ;

By the preaching of truth put oppression to flight ;

Then, your altars triumphant surrounding,

Loud, loud let the anthem of joy ring out :

‘ Freedom ! holy freedom ! let all the world hear
the shout !’

213.

L. M.

MRS. COLBURN.

1 ETERNAL Father, Thou hast made

A numerous family thy care,

Nor sable hue, nor caste, nor grade,

Excludes the meanest from his share.

ANTI SLAVERY.

- 2 Of kindred blood and flesh the same,
In thy pure sight of equal worth,
Then why should one the sceptre claim,
And crush his brother to the earth?
 - 3 Why should the sighing bondman grope,
A cheerless journey to the tomb?
No star to guide, no ray of hope
To shine upon the darksome gloom!
 - 4 Wilt thou not hear, and set them free,
The downcast slave, for whom we plead,
And make our land, as it should be,
A free and happy land indeed?
-

214.

S. M.

- 1 How long shall Afric's sons
Be sons of grief and pain,
How long shall slavery curse the earth,
And mercy plead in vain?
 - 2 Lift up your voice to-day,
In Freedom's holy cause,
Till all the world in love obey
Their Maker's righteous laws.
 - 3 Then in your blissful songs
Shall bond and free unite,
His praise to spread, to whom belongs
All majesty and might.
-

215.

7s. M. E. M. CHANDLER.

- 1 CHRISTIAN mother! when thy prayer
Trembles on the twilight air,
And thou askest God to keep,
In their waking and their sleep,

ANTI-SLAVERY.

Those, whose love is more to thee
Than the wealth of land or sea,—
Think of those who wildly mourn
For the loved ones from them torn !

2 Christian daughter, sister, wife !
Ye, who wear a guarded life !
Ye, whose bliss hangs not, thank God,
On a tyrant's word or nod !
Will ye hear, with tearless eye,
Of the wild despairing cry,
Rising up from human hearts,
As their latest bliss departs ?

3 Blest ones ! whom no hands on earth
Dare to wrench from home and hearth,
Ye, whose hearts are sheltered well,
By affection's holy spell,
Oh ! forget not those, for whom
Life is nought but changeless gloom,
O'er whose days, so woe-begone,
Hope may paint no brighter dawn !



216.

L. M.

1 O LORD ! whose forming hand one blood
To all the tribes and nations gave,
And giv'st to all their daily food,
Look down in pity on the slave !

2 Fetters and chains and stripes remove,
Deliverance to the captives give ;
And pour the tide of light and love
Upon their souls, and bid them live.

- 3 Oh ! kindle in our hearts the flame
Of zeal, thy holy will to do ;
And bid each one, who loves thy name,
Love all his bleeding brethren too.
- 4 Through all thy temples let the stain
Of prejudice each bosom flee ;
And, hand in hand, let Afric's train,
With Europe's children worship thee.

217.

L. M. CAROLINE WESTON.

- 1 To Freedom's cause, the cause of truth,
With joy we dedicate our youth ;
To Freedom's holy altar bring
Fortune and life, an offering.
- 2 Temptations sore and deadly foes,
Our onward progress would oppose ;
And conflict stern we still must wage
With bigot hate and tyrant rage.
- 3 Yet are we strong, O God of might !
Ours are thy words of truth and right ;
And armed in these, in vain thy foes
Their thronging numbers may oppose.
- 4 In earnest hope we wait the hour,
Foretold us by prophetic power,
When all shall come to thee, and own
The glorious image of thy Son.

XIII. CHRISTIAN NON-RESISTANCE, PEACE.

218.

C. M.

A. BALLOU.

- 1 WHEN first the Non-resistant name
Struck my astonished ear,
I thought the thing an open shame,
And scarce withheld a sneer :
I knew not then my Savior's love
Reflected from the cross—
That love, that Non-resistant love,
Which triumphed on the cross.
- 2 But wiser thoughts pursued the theme,
Till I at length perceived,
'Twas not, indeed, the idle dream
I blindly had believed :
I faintly viewed my Savior's love
Reflected from the cross—
That love, that Non-resistant love,
Which triumphed on the cross.
- 3 With clearer vision soon I saw
A principle profound,
Which magnified the royal law,
And healed its deepest wound :
O then I felt my Savior's love
Reflected from the cross—
That love, that Non-resistant love,
Which triumphed on the cross.

CHRISTIAN NON-RESISTANCE, PEACE.

PART II.

- 4 I LAID my carnal weapons by,
And quit the warrior's art,
Resolved by grace I'd sooner die
Than act the murderer's part :
For now I felt the Savior's love
Reflected from the cross—
That love, that Non-resistant love,
Which triumphed on the cross.
- 5 Nor could I share in government
Supported by the sword ;
Nor through the ballot-box consent
To disobey my Lord :
For dearer grew the Savior's love
Reflected from the cross—
That love, that Non-resistant love,
Which triumphed on the cross.
- 6 Nor went I more to seek redress
In courts of *human law*,
Or claim protection in distress,
My foes to overawe :
For I could trust the Savior's love
Reflected from the cross—
That love, that Non-resistant love,
Which triumphed on the cross.
-

PART III.

- 7 YE followers of the Prince of Peace,
Howe'er despised and few,
O never from your mission cease,
Nor prove yourselves untrue :

CHRISTIAN NON-RESISTANCE, PEACE.

Exemplify the Savior's love
Reflected from the cross—
That love, that Non-resistant love,
Which triumphed on the cross.

- 8 The earth so long a slaughter-field,
Shall yet an Eden bloom ;
The Tiger to the Lamb shall yield,
And *War* descend the tomb :
For all shall feel the Savior's love
Reflected from the cross—
That love, that Non-resistant love,
Which triumphed on the cross.

—

PART IV.

- 9 THEN swell the soul-inspiring strains,
With cheerful heart and voice ;
Jehovah's Son in Salem reigns,
The Sovereign of our choice :
'Twas he that wept and bled in love
Upon the dreadful cross—
His was the Non-resistant love,
Which triumphed on the cross.
- 10 His highest glory is to *serve*,
His blessedness to *give*—
The bruised to heal, the faint to nerve,
And cause the dead to live :
Most glorious is the Savior's love
Reflected from the cross—
That love, that Non-resistant love,
Which triumphed on the cross.
- 11 Be this the glory *we* pursue,
The blessedness we seek,
Along the lanes of life to strew
The mercies of the meek :

CHRISTIAN NON-RESISTANCE, PEACE.

Thus shall we breathe the Savior's love
Reflected from the cross—
That love, that Non-resistant love,
Which triumphed on the cross.

219.

P. M.

A. BALLOU.

- 1 Non-RESISTANTS, raise the Standard,
Sing the wrath-subduing cross ;
Though despised, reproached and slandered,
Swell the theme with clarion voice ;
Non-Resistants,
Shout the wrath-subduing cross.
- 2 Groaning nature, steeped in anguish,
Wails aloud her slaughtered host—
Wails her wounded, left to languish
Where the fallen yield the ghost ;
Non-Resistants,
Sound the Rescue for the lost.
- 3 Shall the sword devour forever,
Bathing all the world in blood ?
Shall the tide of misery never
Cease to roll its gloomy flood ?
Non-Resistants,
Shout the All-redeeming Good.
- 4 No, there shall be peace and gladness,
All the ransomed earth around,
When her children, saved from madness,
Shall in righteousness abound ;
Non-Resistants,
Shout the glorious Rescue found.

220.

L. M.

A. BALLOU.

- 1 WHEN brutish men against you rise,
With raging tongues and spiteful eyes,
Be Christ-like, patient, meek and brave,
Resolved your foes to bless and save.
- 2 Resist not with injurious might
The cruel blows they chance to strike,
Nor hateful words for like return,
Nor let your secret anger burn.
- 3 The Christian hero suffers long,
A martyr to repeated wrong,
Intent to overcome with good
The evil of the viper brood.
- 4 And thus triumphant, soon or late,
Alike o'er self and mortal hate,
He takes the moral conqueror's crown,
And sits with Christ in glory down.
- 5 Great Non-Resistant, Prince of Peace,
Our faith, and love, and strength increase.
That we this victory too may gain,
And o'er our foes divinely reign.

221. .

S. M.

A. BALLOU.

- 1 FORBEAR that treacherous sword !
Its deadly blade restrain ;
For they that trust *its* fell support,
Shall perish with the slain.
- 2 Thus Jesus promptly stayed
Impetuous Peter's arm,
And though to murderous foes betrayed,
Forbade to do them harm.

CHRISTIAN NON-RESISTANCE, PEACE.

- 3 Obedient to his voice
The first disciples proved—
And bore their non-resistant cross,
By scorn and wrath unmoved.
- 4 And let the faithful still
Revere his high command,
Returning only good for ill,
With ever generous hand.
-

222.

P. M.

A. BALLOU.

- 1 ALAS! how many boldly mock
Love divine, love divine,
And at the door of mercy knock
All for self, all for self;
Nor pity feel, nor mercy show
To guilty fellow men below,
But crush them to the depths of woe,
Full of wrath, full of wrath.
- 2 Hence *war*, the *gallows*, and the *cell*
Still prevail, still prevail,
And so-called Christians love them well,
Proud to share, proud to share,
The honors of a Church and State,
That boast the vengeance they can take,
And scruple not their foes to hate,
Ee'n to death, e'en to death.
- 3 How long, how long shall these things be!
Mercy sought, mercy sought,
With *tears* by men of *cruelty*?
Heaven forbid, heaven forbid!
Dissolve, O God, the flinty heart,
And swift thy precious grace impart,
That each may feel his brother's smart—
Pardoning all, pardoned free.

223.

P. M.

MRS. COLBURN.

1 Joy ! joy to the world—for the sword shall be
broken,
The arm of the warrior be shorn of its might ;
The war spirit hushed—for Jehovah hath spoken !
The Lamb with the Lion in peace shall unite :
Love—love is the tie that will bind them together,
All the races of men in harmony blend ;
Will make all behold in the face of each other
But the token of love, the heart of a friend.

2 Away with the trappings of war-purchased glory ;
The garland of laurel must wither and die :
Then nought shall be known of the hero's famed
story,
For he and his name in oblivion shall lie ; [river,
Then Peace shall run down like a sweet-flowing
And all shall partake of the life-giving stream ;
Oppression and Sorrow be banished forever,
And the Song of the Angels through earth be the
theme !

224.

L. M.

D. S. WHITNEY.

1 THERE is an armor from above,
'Tis mercy's gift to erring man,
And he therein may safely move
'Midst warring hosts, or murderous clan.

2 'Tis Christian love—this armor bright,
Nor wrong, nor hate can quench its flame ;
It springs from God—it is his might,
And glows eternally the same.

CHRISTIAN NON-RESISTANCE, PEACE.

- 3 See, how our brethren stand arrayed,
Clad in their arms for deadly strife ;
To slaughter men is yet a trade—
An art, to blot out human life.
- 4 The erring nations fight for peace ;
But peace comes not from war and blood ;
The more they strive does wrath increase,
And farther flies the wished-for good.
- 5 And yet, we cannot yield our hope ;
It rests upon foundation strong—
For non-resisting love can cope
With every form of hate and wrong.
-

225.

C. M. MRS. LIVERMORE.

- 1 No warlike sounds awoke the night,
Announcing Jesus' birth,
But angels borne on wings of light,
Who chanted ' Peace on earth !'
- 2 Not in the warrior's armor mailed
Was Christ the Savior found ;
Not striving, when by wrath assailed,
Not with the laurel crowned.
- 3 But meek and lowly was his life,
The gentle Prince of Peace,
Whose law condemns the hostile strife,
And bids dissensions cease.
- 4 Then let the war-cry ne'er be rung
Beneath the smiling sky,
Nor to the clouds the banner flung
That tells of victory.

- 5 But let the blissful period haste,
When, hushed the cannon's roar,
The sword shall cease mankind to waste,
And war shall be no more.
-

226.

7s. M. LEWINS MEAD COL.

- 1 PEACE ! the welcome sound proclaim,
Dwell with rapture on the theme ;
Loud, still louder, swell the strain,
Peace on earth, good-will to men.
- 2 Breezes ! whispering soft and low,
Gently murmur as ye blow,
Breathe the sweet celestial strain,
Peace on earth, good-will to men.
- 3 Ocean's billows ! far and wide,
Rolling in majestic pride,
Loud, still louder swell the strain,
Peace on earth, good-will to men.
- 4 Christians ! who these blessings feel,
And in adoration kneel,
Loud, still louder swell the strain,
Peace on earth, good-will to men.
-

227.

6s. & 10s.

MILTON.

- 1 No war nor battle's sound
Was heard the earth around,—
No hostile chiefs to furious combat ran ;
But peaceful was the night
In which the Prince of Light
His reign of Peace upon the earth began.

CHRISTIAN NON-RESISTANCE, PEACE.

2 No conqueror's sword he bore,
No warlike armor wore,
Nor haughty passions roused to contest wild ;
In peace and love he came,
And gentle was his reign,
Which o'er the earth he spread by influence mild.

3 Unwilling kings obeyed,
And sheathed the battle blade,
And called their bloody legions from the field ;
In silent awe they wait,
And close the warrior's gate,
Nor know to whom their homage thus they yield.

4 The peaceful conqueror goes,
And triumphs o'er his foes,
His weapons drawn from armories above ;
Behold the vanquished sit
Submissive at his feet,
And strife and hate are changed to peace and love.

228.

C. M.

GIBBONS.

- 1 Lord, send thy word, and let it run,
Armed with the Spirit's power ;
Ten thousand shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.
- 2 Beneath the influence of thy grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens and fruits arrayed,
A blooming Paradise.
- 3 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regenerate heart,
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

CHRISTIAN NON-RESISTANCE, PEACE.

- 4 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore ;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.
- 5 Lord, for those days we wait ;—those days
Are in thy word foretold ;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
The promised age of gold.
-

229.

C. M. MRS. COLBURN.

- 1 THE Angels sung o'er Judah's plain,
Of peace that earth should see ;
And we'll repeat the joyful strain,
This is the Jubilee.
- 2 The Gospel brings good news of peace,
Of love and harmony ;
When war, and crime, and hate shall cease,
This is the Jubilee.
- 3 Then warring clans now filled with hate,
Like brethren shall agree ;
And earth enjoy an Eden State,
This is the Jubilee.
- 4 Join, Christians, then, of every clime,
From sect and party free,
To hasten on the glorious time,
The coming Jubilee.
-

230.

L. M. MRS. PRICE.

- 1 ' GLORY to God, and peace to men,'
Once rung o'er wide Judea's plain ;
Angelic hosts sung gladly when
The Prince of Peace was born to reign.

CHRISTIAN NON-RESISTANCE, PEACE.

- 2 How sweet that heavenly chorus rose,
O'er hatred's harsh, discordant sound ;
How pure its peaceful anthem flows,
To charm the earth's remotest bound.
 - 3 The morning stars together sung,
The hills rejoiced, the valleys smiled ;
The bow of hope in heaven was hung,
Arched o'er the manger of the child.
 - 4 And ever peals that heavenly song,
'Glory to God and peace to men,'
As rolling years the strains prolong,
And Eden's bliss bring back again.
-

231.

P. M.

- 1 YEARS are coming—speed them onward !
When the sword shall gather rust,
And the helmet, lance, and falchion,
Sleep in silent dust !
- 2 Earth has heard too long of battle,
Heard the trumpet's voice too long ;
But another age advances,
Seers foretold in song.
- 3 Years are coming when, forever,
War's dread banner shall be furled,
And the angel Peace be welcomed,
Regent of the world !
- 4 Hail with song that glorious era,
When the sword shall gather rust,
And the helmet, lance, and falchion,
Sleep in silent dust !

232.

L. M. SL.

MONTGOMERY.

1 I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round;
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace and glittering arms:
And when ambition's voice commands,
To march, and fight, and fall, in foreign lands.

2 I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round, and round, and round,
To me it talks of ravaged plains,
And burning towns, and ruined swains,
And mangled limbs and dying groans,
And widows' tears and orphans' moans,
And all that misery's hand bestows,
To fill the catalogue of human woes.

233.

11s M.

MRS. PRICE.

1 Poor victims of war that by millions have
perished, [the world;
Your crimes have brought mildew and blight on
But still the fell monster is tenderly cherished,
And his thrice pointed arrows are constantly hurl'd.

2 O Savior, who gave thy own life as a token,
Of the value of love, and forgiveness and peace;
Shall thy precepts forever and ever be broken,
And war from this faded earth never more cease!

3 Ah no! thou wilt reign, and these billows of
sorrow,
That roll o'er the world will recede at thy sway;
There is for lost man a more glorious to-morrow,
To dawn on the earth with millennial ray.

234.

P. M. BERNARD BARTON.

- 1 WHENCE come your wars, frail worms of dust?
 What are your fightings for?
 Envy and hatred, greed and lust,
 Which in your members war;
 Dwells such a dark unhallowed host,
 In temples of the Holy Ghost?
 - 2 When angels first to shepherds' ears,
 Announced the Savior's birth,
 What watchword did the heavenly spheres
 Pour down on listening earth?
 'Glory to God, who dwells on high;
 Toward men good will and unity!'
-

235.

L. M. MRS. SIGOURNEY.

- 1 PEACE was the song the angels sang,
 When Jesus sought this vale of tears;
 And sweet the heavenly prelude rang,
 'To calm the watchful shepherds' fears.
- 2 War is the word that man hath spoke—
 Convulsed by passions dark and dread;
 And Pride enforced a lawless yoke,
 E'en where the gospel banner spread.
- 3 Peace was the prayer the Savior breathed,
 When from our world his steps withdrew;
 The gift he to his friends bequeathed
 With Calvary's dreadful cross in view.
- 4 Redeemer, with adoring love,
 Our spirits take thy rich bequest,
 The watchword of the host above,
 'The passport to their realms of rest.

236.

L. M.

- 1 LET warriors tremble, when they dare
To take thine awful name in vain,
And say that thou, great God ! wast there,
To nerve their arms against the slain !
 - 2 That from thy throne thou lookedst down
With joy upon the murderers' blade ;
And cheered them on to seek renown,
By slaughtering men whom thou hast made ;
-

237.

C. M.

E. DAVIS.

A Naval Battle.

- 1 Lo ! shameless on each vessel's deck,
A priest kneels down to pray
That God will wing their bolts with death,
And speed them on their way.
- 2 And now war's vivid lightnings flash,
His deep, hoarse thunders roll,
While curses loud are vollied forth,
And hate knows no control.
- 3 And mortal cries of agony—
The stifled dying prayer,
And bitter tears, and groans, and blood,
Are all commingled there.

238.

C. M.

MRS. PRICE.

A night after battle.

- 1 NIGHT spread her starless robe around,
The sun withdrew his light ;
Gloom brooded o'er the battle ground,
And darkness veiled the sight.
 - 2 Oh ! there was woe, and pain, and death,
And horror and despair,
As mortal groan and dying breath
Upraised the hopeless prayer.
 - 3 Do human souls from such a glare
Of passion rise to God ?
Did Christ's pure spirit lead them there ?
Was that the vale he trod ?
 - 4 O Savior ! send thy peaceful light,
To show thy holier way ;
Dispel the shades of error's night,
And bring the perfect day.
-

239.

S. M.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

- 1 CHECK at their fountain head,
O God, the streams of strife !
Nor let misguided man rejoice
To take his brother's life.
- 2 Strike off the pomp and pride
That deck the deeds of war,
And in their gorgeous mantle hide
The blood-stained conqueror.

CHRISTIAN NON-RESISTANCE, PEACE.

- 3 To history's blazoned page
 Touch the pure wand of truth,
And bid its heroes stand unveiled
 Before the eye of youth.
- 4 Press by each quiet hearth,
 The gospel's peaceful claims,
Nor let a Christian nation bless
 What its meek master blames.
- 5 So shall the seeds of hate
 Be strangled in their birth,
And Peace, the angel of thy love,
 Rule o'er th' enfranchised earth.
-

240.

P. M.

MRS. PRICE.

- 1 How glad was the anthem the bright angels sung,
 'Peace and good will unto men;'
O'er the hills of Judea how sweetly it rung—
 'Peace and good will unto men.'
Glad tidings of joy, for the Savior is born,
To the darkness of earth comes a glorious morn!
 List to that voice,
 Nations rejoice!
Jesus the Savior is born.
- 2 He will reign till oppression has vanished away,
 The din of the battle shall cease,
'Till man to his brother no longer a prey,
 Shall rest in an Eden of peace. [north,
From the east to the west, from the south to the
'The light of his presence goes savingly forth,
 Hatred and wrath
 Flee from his path:
Jesus has come to redeem.

CHRISTIAN NON-RESISTANCE, PEACE.

- 3 O soon let the banner of peace be unfurled,
 To wave on every breeze ;
O soon let the war-god away from the world,
 Trainings for battle cease ;
Let the gentle white dove bend her beautiful wing,
To the arbors of earth the bright olive to bring ;
 Hail to the time,
 'Through every clime—
 Love like a river shall flow !
- 4 O how sweetly the halo will circle each Isle
 That sleeps on the ocean-wave ;
'The rock-girdled coast then will pleasantly smile ;
 The waters of Peace will lave :
'The whole earth will blossom a garden of love,
And blessings unnumbered will come from above :
 Pleasures will spring !
 Angels will sing,
 Joy to a world redeemed !
-

241.

6s M.

MRS. COLBURN.

- 1 PEACE ! peace thou raging sea !
 Be still, the Savior said ;
And quick the stormy wave
 In quietness was laid :
Speak, speak that word again !
 Peace to this world of strife—
Where moral tempests reign,
 And angry deeds are rife.
- 2 Here Hate, and Fraud, and Wrong,
 Have triumphed over Right,
And caused mankind a long,
 And sad, and gloomy night ;
And yet that spirit lives,
 Its direful works we feel ;

CHRISTIAN NON-RESISTANCE, PEACE.

Man to his brother gives
The murderous greeting still.

- 3 Say, shall the sword devour ?
Shall human blood be spilled ?
Shall vice be clothed with power,
And earth with weeping filled ?
That powerful word which spoke
Peace to the troubled sea,
Will yet bring earth a rest—
A peaceful Jubilee !



XIV. NEW SOCIAL STATE.



242.

L. M.

A. BALLOU.

- 1 Not individual souls alone
Require the new and heavenly birth,
Society, in sin up-grown,
Needs Christianizing o'er the earth.
- 2 True righteousness must be the same,
For man combined or isolate ;
The happiness of all its aim,
In family, or teeming State.
- 3 The principles by Jesus taught
Must be impartially applied,
And social institutions brought,
With laws divine to coincide.

NEW SOCIAL STATE.

- 4 'Tis ours to speed this glorious change,
This renovation to prepare,
Its introduction to arrange,
And in its future triumphs share.
- 5 Thus heaven and earth shall be renewed,
By God's regenerating word,
Our wayward race to Christ subdued,
And Eden's harmony restored.
-

243.

C. M.

ELIZA COOK.

- 1 WHILE thousands move with aching head
And sing the ceaseless song,
'We starve, we die, oh give us bread!'
There must be something wrong.
- 2 When toiling millions work to fill
The wealthy coffers strong;
And hands are crushed that work and till,
There must be something wrong.
- 3 When from a thousand, one alone
In plenty rolls along—
'The others left in want to moan,
There must be something wrong.
- 4 Until this system be undone,
The burden of our song
Shall be this one, this only one—
There must be something wrong.
-

244.

P. M.

MACKAY.

- 1 WHAT might be done, if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite,
In love and right,
And cease their scorn of one another?

NEW SOCIAL STATE.

- 2 Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving-kindness,
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.
 - 3 All Slavery, Warfare, Lies and Wrong,
All Vice and Crime might die together ;
And fruit and corn,
To each man born,
Be free and warm as summer weather.
 - 4 The meanest wretch that ever trod,
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect,
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.
 - 5 What might be done? *This* might be done,
And more than *this*, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
E'er said or sung,
If men were wise, and loved each other.
-

245.

L. M. 81.

Fraternity.

1. WHAT though the crowds who shout the word
Pervert the meaning it should bear,
And feel their hearts with hatred stirred,
E'en while their plaudits load the air ;
Yet will not we, thou mighty Thought,
Despair thy triumph yet to see,
Nor doubt the good that shall be wrought
In thy great name, Fraternity.

- 2 The preacher may belie his creed,
 But still the truth preserves its flame ;
 The sage may do a foolish deed,
 Yet wisdom shares not in his shame:
 Be scorning hushed, be cavil dumb,
 Whatever evils men may see ;
 We'll look for blessings yet to come,
 In thy great name, Fraternity.
-

246.

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 How pleasing, Lord, to see,
 How pure is the delight,
 When mutual love and love to thee,
 Community unite.
- 2 From these celestial springs
 Such streams of comfort flow,
 As no increase of riches brings,
 Nor honor can bestow.
- 3 All in their stations move,
 And each performs his part
 In all the cares of life and love,
 With sympathizing heart.
- 4 Formed for the purest joys,
 By one desire possessed,
 One aim the zeal of all employs
 To make each other bless'd.
- 5 No bliss can equal theirs,
 Where such affections meet ;
 While mingled praise and mingled pray'rs
 Make their communion sweet.

247.

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 LET selfishness no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.
 - 2 Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crowned.
 - 3 Let discord—child of hell—
Be banished far away ;
'Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.
 - 4 Thus will the Church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And ev'ry heart is love.
-

248.

S. P. M.

WATTS.

- 1 How pleasant 'tis to see
Associate friends agree ;
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfil his part,
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love !
- 2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet ;
The oil thro' all the room
Diffused a choice perfume,
Ran thro' his robes and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills,
Such streams of pleasure roll
Thro' every friendly soul,
Where love like heavenly dew distils.

249.

7s. M.

- 1 JOIN us, in one spirit join,
Let us still receive of thine :
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all !
 - 2 Move and actuate and guide ;
Divers gifts to each divide ;
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil.
 - 3 Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy ;
Kindly for each other care ;
Every member feel his share.
 - 4 False distinctions rendered void,
All by Christian love destroyed !
Names, and sects, and parties fall :
God, the Father's all in all !
-

250.

7s. M.

- 1 LORD, subdue our selfish will ;
Each to each our temper's suit,
By thy modulating skill,
Heart to heart, as lute to lute.

- 2 Sweetly on our spirits move,
Gently touch the trembling strings ;
Make the harmony of love,
Music for the King of kings !
-

251.

S. M.

MRS. COLBURN.

- 1 SHALL tyranny and wealth
The weak and poor oppress,
And treat with proud contempt and scorn
A brother in distress ?
- 2 Shall idle pomp and pride
Be pampered to their fill,
While honest industry and worth
Go naked, hungry, still ?
- 3 Ah, no ! a rest will come,
Though long it seem deferred ;
The song of peace, the angels sung,
Shall yet through earth be heard.
- 4 Then kindness, truth and love,
Will everywhere abound ;
The olive-branch of peace will twine
A happy world around.
- 5 Then man, transformed in mind,
His God-like powers shall prove,
And make this new-created earth
A paradise of love.

252.

P. M.

- 1 YE speak of independence,—
 There is no such thing on earth,—
 We depend upon each other,
 Still for all that life is worth !
 To every mind that ponders,
 To every heart that feels,
 There's not a day but something
 This hidden truth reveals.
- 2 Thus—thus, throughout creation,
 The links of life had birth ;
 Ye speak of independence—
 There is no such thing on earth !
 We depend on one another
 For each comfort we enjoy ;
 There is nought the heart can foster
 That the heart may not destroy !
- 3 We depend for our existence
 On His hand who gave us breath ;
 We depend upon affection
 E'en to soothe the hour of death !
 Thus—thus, throughout creation,
 The links of life had birth ;
 Ye speak of independence—
 There is no such thing on earth.
-

253.

C. M. MISS MARTINEAU.

- 1 ALL men are equal in their birth,
 Heirs of the earth and skies ;
 All men are equal when that earth
 Fades from their dying eyes.

- 2 'Tis man alone who difference sees,
And speaks of high and low ;
And worships those and tramples these,
While the same path they go.
- 3 O, let us hasten to restore
To all their right of love ;
In power and wealth exult no more ;
In wisdom lowly move.
- 4 Ye great, renounce your earth-born pride ;
Ye low, your shame and fear ;
Live as ye worship—side by side—
Your common claims revere.

254.

P. M.

MRS. COLBURN.

- 1 ONWARD, though the world's impeding,
Onward, every foe unheeding,
Jesus now the cause is leading,
He will be our guide :
In His strength we'll conquer,
In His strength we'll conquer,
In His strength we'll conquer,
For His Truth is on our side.
- 2 Not with earth's proud armor shielding,
Not her carnal weapons wielding,
These to mightier ones are yielding,
Furnished from above :
And we'll surely conquer,
For our sword is truth and love.
- 3 See the man of noble daring,
Earth's proud laurels richly wearing,
Leaving all and meekly sharing
In this work of Peace :

Love will surely conquer,
And hate and war shall cease.

4 See the world like ocean surging,
Lashed to fury onward urging,
Till the light of truth emerging,
Shows the better way:
Truth will surely conquer,
Truth and Love will win the day.

5 Yes, this earth, though stained and gory,
Filled with scenes of woe her story,
Shall arise to former glory,
And the light shall see:
Light will surely conquer,
Earth will have a Jubilee.

255.

P. M.

MACKAY.

- 1 MAY every year but draw more near
The time when strife shall cease,
And truth and love all hearts shall move,
To live in joy and peace.
Now sorrow reigns, and earth complains,
For folly still her power maintains;
But the day shall yet appear, [shall be,
When the right with the might and the truth
And come what there may,
To stand in the way,
That day the world shall see.
- 2 Let good men ne'er of truth despair,
Though humble efforts fail;
O, give not o'er, until once more
The righteous cause prevail!

NEW SOCIAL STATE.

In vain and long, enduring wrong,
The weak may strive against the strong ;
But the day will yet appear,
When the might with the right, &c.

- 3 Though interest pleads that noble deeds
The world will not regard,
To noble minds, that duty binds,
No sacrifice is hard :
The brave and true may seem but few,
But hope has better things in view ;
And the day will yet appear,
When the might with the right, &c.
-

256.

P. M.

DUGANNE.

For a Community Festival.

- 1 HOLY and bright, in truth and light,
Shines the future on our vision,
When man shall love like the saints above,
And his joys shall be elysian :
We'll sing to-night the day-spring bright,
When love shall warm creation,
And draw from the soul, with her sweet control,
The dew of the heart's oration.
- 2 Too long hath Might oppressed with blight,
The hopes that virtue cherished ;
Too long hath dearth o'erspread our earth,
Till famished Love has perished:
Yet sing to-night, &c.
- 3 For why affright with dreams of might,
The morning's golden slumbers,
Or sadly wear the chain of care,
That now one thought encumbers ?

Let's sing to-night the Future bright,
 When Love shall warm creation,
 And draw from the soul, with her sweet control,
 'The dew of the heart's oration.

257.

6s. & 4s.

E. DAVIS.

- 1 NOT with the flashing steel,
 Not with the cannon's peal,
 Or stir of drum ;
 But in the bonds of love
 Our white flag floats above,
 Her emblem is the dove,
 'Tis thus we come.
- 2 THE LAWS of Christian light,
 These are our weapons bright,
 Our mighty shield ;
 Christ is our leader high,
 And the broad plains which lie
 Beneath the blessed sky,
 Our battle-field.
- 3 On, then, in God's great name,
 Let each pure spirit's flame
 Burn bright and clear ;
 Stand firmly in your lot,
 Cry ye aloud, doubt not,
 Be every fear forgot,
 Christ leads us here.
- 4 So shall earth's distant lands,
 In happy, holy bands,
 One brotherhood,
 Together rise and sing,
 Gifts to one altar bring,
 And Heaven's Eternal King,
 Pronounce it Good.

258.

P. M.

- 1 Hush the loud cannon's roar,
The frantic warrior's call !
Why should the earth be drenched with gore?
Are we not brothers all ?
- 2 Want, from the wretch depart !
Chains, from the captive fall ;
Sweet mercy, melt the oppressor's heart,—
Sufferers are brothers all.
- 3 Churches and sects, strike down
Each mean partition-wall !
Let charity unkindness drown,—
Christians are brothers all.
- 4 Let love and truth alone
Hold human hearts in thrall,
That heaven its work at length may own,
And men be brothers all.

259.

S. M.

O. JOHNSON.

- 1 In strong fraternal ties,
Lord, bind our hearts as one,
And through the path where duty lies,
O, gently lead us on.
- 2 From self, oh set us free,
And each impure desire,
And may we never stray from Thee,
Nor in thy service tire.

- 3 O let no party wall
Our loving souls divide,
But each, obedient to thy call,
Within thy fold abide.
- 4 And through life's darkest night,
When clouds our path surround,
May love's pure fire and friendship's light
In every heart abound.
-

260.

S. M.

GILFILLAN.

- 1 No field of vict'ry won
With blade and battle brand ;
A nobler triumph shall be ours—
A bright and happy land.
- 2 Too long the man of blood
Hath ruled without control ;
Nor widow's tear, nor orphan's sighs,
Could touch his iron soul !
- 3 Come, man, to brother man,
Come in the bond of peace ;
Let strife and war, with all their train
Of dark'ning horrors cease.
- 4 Let fruit-trees crown our fields,
And flowers our valleys fair ;
And on our mountain steep, the songs
Of happy swains be there !

261.

C. M.

O. JOHNSON.

- 1 O MAY the day, the blissful day,
By prophets long foretold,
When love divine all hearts shall sway,
Our waiting eyes behold.
 - 2 Then social wrongs shall be redressed,
The weak their rights receive,
And men, by men no more oppressed,
One brotherhood shall live.
 - 3 Then towers of fraud and force shall fall,
And every virtue thrive ;
While all for each, and each for all,
In cheerful hope shall strive.
 - 4 Then Peace in all our homes shall dwell,
And Joy shall be our guest,
And pleasures more than tongue can tell,
Shall thrill each loving breast.
-

262.

10s. M.

MRS. PRICE.

- 1 O, THOU blest Comforter ! pure Spirit, hear !
Bend we thy shrine before, trembling with fear ;
Hate, like a shadow dark, veils all below ;
Love floats her shining bark o'er waves of woe.
- 2 Spirit of Holy power ! give us thy light !
Aid thro' the trial-hour,—guide thro' the night ;
Gird us with strength and will, mighty to save,
Striving with error still, valiant and brave.
- 3 Keenly oppression's pain pierceth the weak ;
Help us the galling chain quickly to break ;
Earth's bitter founts of woe soon may we close,
Making this world below bloom as the rose.

- 4 Give thou thy Spirit free, Savior and Lord !
Peace, love and liberty follow thy word ;
While, as a brother-band, onward we move,
Joy shall fill all the land gilded with love !
-

263.

H. M. WM. S. HAYWOOD.

- 1 How long, O Lord, how long
Shall sin and falsehood reign ?
And social crime and wrong,
The page of history stain ?
When shall the nations of the earth
Receive the new, the heavenly birth ?
- 2 O, may our race forsake
Their selfishness and pride ;
The lowly Jesus take,
As Master and as Guide ;
Whose words of wisdom, truth and love,
Glow with a radiance from above.
- 3 May brutal vengeance cease,
And deeds of hate and blood ;
Mankind repose in peace,
One joyous brotherhood :
While shouts resound from shore to shore,
' The reign of violence is o'er !'
- 4 Hasten, O God, the day
By bards and prophets told,
When Love and Right their sway
O'er all the world shall hold ;
And earthly realms, with one accord,
Become the kingdoms of our Lord.

264.

P. M.

MRS. PRICE.

1 O, LIST to His words, they are treasures of love,
 Men are all brothers indeed ;
 All children alike of the Father above,
 Can he cause a poor brother to bleed ?
 O no, let the sword to the plow-share be beat,
 And the wand'ers of earth be good friends when
 Bless and forgive, [they meet ;
 'Thus let them live,
 Loving in word and in deed.

2 Away with the hater, who mockingly dares
 To call himself Christian in name,
 Who justifies war, and for slaughter prepares
 The bullet, the sword and the flame ;
 He must bend his proud neck to the burden of love,
 Or the light shining brighter his vileness will prove :
 Evil must cease,
 All will be peace,
 Goodness must triumph o'er hate.

3 Away with the legion who worship the band
 That holds them in darkness and thrall,
 Who rear their proud temples all over the land,
 Though the poor and the needy do call ;
 They are altars of pride where the incense is poured
 An off'ring to Baal, and not to the Lord :
 Temples must fall,
 Churches and all,
 Built upon falsehood and wrong.

XV. FIDELITY, ZEAL, PROGRESS.

265.

L. M.

A. BALLOU.

- 1 A CHRISTIAN! *Who* deserves the name?
One born, baptized and counted such,
Whose morals e'en the Pagans shame?
Not he—howe'er the pearl he clutch.
 - 2 He is a Christian—he alone,
Who sees in Christ's great Master Mind,
That Light and Love made known,
Which only can redeem mankind.
 - 3 He trusts no lesser Light and Love,
No lower code of moral Right;
But holds this Wisdom from above,
His own and God's supreme delight.
 - 4 He meekly sits at Jesus' feet,
Disciple of a matchless Lord;
The Way, the Truth, the Life complete,
To learn from Him, the Saving Word.
-

266.

P. M.

- 1 In the past, the age of iron,
Those who slaughtered most their kind,
Have too often won the chaplet
Honor's hand has twined.

FIDELITY, ZEAL, PROGRESS.

- 2 But the heroes of the future
Shall be men whose hearts are strong;
Men whose words and acts shall only
War against the wrong.
 - 3 But the sabre, in their contests,
Shall no part, no honor own;
War's dread art shall be forgotten,
Carnage all unknown.
-

267.

C. M.

- 1 WHAT though the martyr die in flame,
The patriot in his blood;
What though unspoken be his name—
Forgotten all his good?
 - 2 That flame shall fire the bigot's creed,
And burn it to the dust;
That blood from out the ground shall plead
Forever to the Just.
 - 3 What though the dungeon close them in,
And tyrants hold the key!
Through walls of stone shall pierce the hymn
For truth and liberty.
 - 4 Then let the body broken be,
Still let the blood be poured;
'Tis thus they gain the victory,
And triumph with the Lord.
-

268.

7s. M.

O. JOHNSON.

- 1 DEAR Redeemer! in thy name,
Caring nought for hate or shame,
Meeting boldly every storm,
We would seek the world's reform.

FIDELITY, ZEAL, PROGRESS.

- 2 Bravely may we bear the cross,
Meekly suffer earthly loss,
Patient always in thy sight,
May we struggle for the Right.
 - 3 While we in thy strength go forth,
Sowing wide the seeds of truth,
May the Spirit's sun and rain
Quickened all the falling grain.
 - 4 Heart to heart, and hand to hand,
One in purpose may we stand;
'Thus, in holy union strong,
May we vanquish every wrong.
-

269.

P. M.

- 1 ONWARD, through the mists of error,
Fearless moving, clear the way;
Acting right, ye'll know no terror,
Though the storm comes near and nearer,
Upward! Onward! watch and pray!
- 2 Action! action! time is speeding!
And our years are short and few;
Work ye must, the foremost leading,
Rain and storm but little heeding,
Upward! Onward! firm and true!
- 3 From the past a lesson learning,
Onward move, by duty led;
With a truthful eye discerning
Right from wrong, nor backward turning,
Upward! Onward! straight ahead!

FIDELITY, ZEAL, PROGRESS.

- 4 Let no thought of gain or power
Swerve you from the path of right ;
Virtue is a diamond dower,
Growing brighter every hour,
Upward ! Onward ! day and night !
-

270.

C. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 My soul, awake, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on ;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice,
Which calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye :
- 4 That prize, with peerless glories-bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths, and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.
-

271.

C. M.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A foll'wer of the Lamb ;
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name ?

FIDELITY, ZEAL, PROGRESS.

- 2 Are there no foes for me to face ?
Must I not stem the flood ?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help us on to God ?
 - 3 Shall I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fight to win the prize,
And sail through bloody seas ?
 - 4 I too must fight, if I would reign ;
Increase my courage, Lord,
To bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word.
-

272.

P. M.

- 1 FEAR ye not the face of clay,—
Preach the truth ;
It will spring another day,
If you're faithful,
And the holy word obey.
- 2 What if scorning men oppose ?
Preach the truth
To your friends and to your foes ;
If you're faithful,
'These will yield as well as those.
- 3 With the message from the skies,
Preach the truth
To the foolish and the wise ;
If you're faithful,
Vice will sink, and virtue rise.
- 4 If men bear, or men forbear,
Speak the truth ;
'Truth is never lost in air ;
If you're faithful,
You a crown of life shall wear.

273.

8s. & 7s.

- 1 DUTY points with outstretched fingers,
Every soul to actions high ;
Woe betide the soul that lingers —
Onward ! Onward ! is the cry.
- 2 Though man's foes may seem victorious,
War may waste, and famine blight,
Still from out the conflict glorious,
Mind comes forth with added light.
- 3 O'er the darkest night of sorrow,
From the deadliest field of strife,
Dawns a clearer, brighter morrow,
Springs a truer, nobler life.
- 4 Onward, onward, onward ever !
Human progress none may stay,
All who make the vain endeavor,
Shall like chaff be swept away.



274.

11s. M.

- 1 BE firm and be faithful ; desert not the right ;
The brave become bolder the darker the night !
Then up and be doing, though cowards may fail ;
Thy duty pursuing, dare all, and prevail !
- 2 If scorn be thy portion, if hatred and loss,
If stripes or a prison, remember the cross !
God watches above thee, and he will requite ;
Desert those that love thee, but never the right !

275.

P. M.

MISS CAREY.

- 1 TOILING in the earthly vineyard
Many bands have found a place!
Some are nearing to the summit—
Some are at the mountain's base.
- 2 Progress is the stirring watchword
Cheers them upward to the height:
Caust thou pause and play the laggard,
With its glories full in sight?
- 3 Who shall tell what bound or barrier
To improvement Heaven designed?
Who shall dare to fix the limits,
To the onward march of mind?
- 4 Only He, who into being
Called th' unfathomed human soul,
He for whom the hymn of Progress
Through eternity shall roll!

276.

P. M.

J. CLEMENT.

- 1 O, WEARY not! O, weary not!
In labor well begun;
The day is short, and waning fast;
Thy work will soon be done.
- 2 O, weary not! O, weary not!
Until the sun declines;
There's honor gained from noble toil,
And God the work assigns.
- 3 O, weary not! O, weary not!
Though hard be thine employ;
Each sweat-drop forms within the heart
A fount of holy joy.

FIDELITY, ZEAL, PROGRESS.

- 4 O, weary not ! O, weary not !
For when thy task is o'er,
A home is thine of endless bliss,
Where toil is known no more.
-

277.

8s. & 7s.

- 1 LABOR fearless, labor faithful,
Labor while the day shall last ;
For the shadows of the evening
Soon the sky shall overcast ;
Ere shall end thy day of labor,
Ere shall rest thy manhood's sun,
Strive with every power within thee,
That the appointed task be done.
- 2 Life is not the traceless shadow,
Nor the wave upon the beach,
Though our days are brief, yet lasting
Is the stamp we give to each :
Life is real, life is earnest,
Full of labor, full of thought ;
Every hour and every moment
Is with living vigor fraught.
-

278.

P. M.

MRS. COLBURN.

- 1 YE Workingmen of power,
Press onward to the fight ;
Sav, shall your spirits cower,
When pleading for the right ?
Be firm and valiant-hearted,
Like warriors true and brave ;
And strive with zeal undaunted
Humanity to save.

- 2 Yet nought of blood and slaughter
Shall stain the battle plain,
Where mother, wife and daughter,
Weep over many slain :
No ! stainless is our banner !
Let peace our garland twine ;
Our deeds with fadeless honor,
In future days shall shine.
-

279.

8s. & 7s.

J. H. BRYANT.

- 1 WAKING every morn to duty,
Ere its hours shall pass away,
Let some act of love or mercy
Crown the labors of the day.
- 2 Lo ! a better day is coming,
Brighter prospects ope before ;
Spread your banner to the breezes—
Upward, onward, evermore !
- 3 Upward, onward, is our watchword,
Though the winds blow good or ill—
Though the sky be fair or stormy,
These shall be our watchwords still.
- 4 Upward, onward, in the battle
Waged for freedom and the right ;
Never resting, never weary,
Till a vict'ry crowns the fight.

XVI. MOURNFUL AND CONSOLATORY.

280.

C. M.

- 1 DEATH ! what is that which we call Death ?
To quit this house of clay ;
To put aside this mortal coil
For immortality.
- 2 It is to leave this darksome world,
Where sin and sorrow reign ;
To sever every earthly tie,
And join the heavenly train.
- 3 And tho' we part from friends most dear—
From those we fondly love,—
We part but for a little time,
In hope to meet above.
- 4 United with that happy band,
Which now in heaven may be,
We'll praise the great Creator's name
Throughout eternity !
- 5 Then why our fears ? why shrink from death,
As though 't were dark and drear ?
'Tis but the portal we must pass
To reach a higher sphere !

281.

C. M.

YOUNG.

- 1 O RESIGNATION, heavenly power !
Our warmest thoughts engage ;
Thou art the safest guide of youth,
The sole support of age.
 - 2 Teach us the hand of love divine
In evils to discern ;
'Tis the first lesson that we need,
The latest that we learn.
 - 3 Resign, and all the pain of life
That moment we remove ;
The heavy load of grief and care
Devolves on One above.
 - 4 He bids us lay our burthen down
On his almighty hand,
Supports our feeble frame, and makes
Our weary feet to stand.
-

282.

S. M.

DODDRIDGE.

- 1 How gracious and how wise,
Is our chastising God !
And oh, how rich the blessings are,
That blossom from his rod !
- 2 He lifts it up on high,
With pity in his heart,
That every stroke his children feel,
May grace and peace impart.

MOURNFUL AND CONSOLATORY.

- 3 Instructed thus, they bow
And own his sovereign sway ;
They turn their erring footsteps back
To his forsaken way.
- 4 Our Father, we consent
To discipline divine ;
And bless the pains that make our souls
Still more completely thine.
-

283.

S. M.

WATTS.

- 1 My soul, repeat His praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 The pity of the Lord,
To those who fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel ;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower ;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure ;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.
-

284.

C. M.

R. TURNBULL.

- 1 THERE is a place of waveless rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies :

MOURNFUL AND CONSOLATORY.

Our father's house, our heavenly home !
Where " many mansions " stand,
Prepared by hands divine, for all
Who seek the " better land."

2 When tossed upon the waves of life,
With fear on every side,
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,
And foams the angry tide,—
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,
Breaks forth the light of morn,
Bright beaming from our Father's house,
'To cheer the soul forlorn.

3 In that pure home of tearless joy,
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete ;
There, there adieus are sounds unknown,
Death frowns not on that scene ;
But life, and glorious beauty shine,
Untroubled and serene.

285.

C. M.

MRS. STEELE.

1 LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapor flies !
Man is a tender transient flower,
That in the blooming dies.

2 The once loved form, now cold and dead,
Each mournful thought employs ;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
And withered all her joys.

MOURNFUL AND CONSOLATORY.

- 3 But hope transcends the bounds of time,
When what we now deplore
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
And bloom to fade no more.
- 4 Then cease, fond nature, dry thy tears,
Religion points on high ;
'There everlasting Spring appears,
And joys that never die.
-

286.

C. M.

WATTS.

- 1 WHY do we mourn departing friends ?
Or shake at death's alarms ?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upwards too,
As fast as time can move ?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from his love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb ?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened ev'ry bed :
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head ?
-

287.

11s. M.

EPISCOPAL COL.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way :
I would not live alway,—no, welcome the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom.

MOURNFUL AND CONSOLATORY.

2 Who, who would live alway, away from his God,
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode! [plains,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns;

3 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the life of the soul.

288.

C. M.

WATTS.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
And crept to life at first,
We to the earth return again,
And mingle with our dust.

2 The dear delights we here enjoy,
And fondly call our own,
Are but short favors borrowed now,
To be repaid anon.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave;
He gives, and, blessed be his name!
He takes but what he gave.

4 Peace, all our angry passions, then;
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will,
And every murmur die.

5 If smiling mercy crown our lives,
Its praises shall be spread;
And we'll adore the justice, too,
That strikes our comforts dead.

289.

L. M. W. BOSTON COL.

- 1 WHY weep for those, frail child of woe,
Who've fled and left thee mourning here!
Triumphant o'er their latest foe,
They glory in a higher sphere.
- 2 Weep not for them ; beside thee now
Perhaps they watch with guardian care,
And witness tears that idly flow
O'er those who bliss of angels share.
- 3 Or round their Father's throne above,
With raptured voice, his praise they sing,
Or on his messages of love
They journey with unwearied wing.
- 4 Space cannot check, thought cannot bound
The high exulting souls whom He,
Who formed these million worlds around,
Takes to his own eternity.

290.

11s. & 8s. T. K. HERVEY.

- 1 WE know thou hast gone to the home of thy rest,
Then why should our souls be so sad ;
We know thou hast gone where the weary are blest,
And the mourner looks up and is glad ;
Where love hath put off in the land of its birth,
The stain it had gathered in this ;
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the
Lies asleep in the bosom of bliss. [earth,
- 2 We know thou hast gone where thy forehead is
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul—[starr'd
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marr'd,
Nor thy heart be turned back from its goal ;

MOURNFUL AND CONSOLATORY.

We know thou hast drank of the water that flows
Through a land where they do not forget;
Which sheds over Memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.

291.

8s. & 6s. W. B. TAPPAN.

- 1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wand'ers given,
There is a tear for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found above, in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weeping souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When tossed on life's tempestuous shore,
Where storms arise and oceans roar;
But all is o'er in heaven.
- 3 Now faith lifts up the tearful eye,
The heart with anguish riven,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.
- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given,
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

XVII. CONFERENCE MEETINGS.

292.

L. M.

- 1 BRETHREN, belov'd for Jesus' sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which he alone can give !
- 2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good spirit from above ;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love !
- 3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When thus we meet to pray and praise,
We only wish to speak of him,
And tell the wonders of his grace.

293.

8s & 6s.

- 1 ' WHERE two or three together meet,
My love and mercy to repeat,
And tell what I have done,
There will I be,' saith God, ' to bless,
And ev'ry burden'd soul redress,
Who worships at my throne.'
- 2 Make one in this assembly, Lord,
Speak to each heart some cheering word,
'To set the spirit free ;
Impart a kind celestial show'r,
And grant that we may spend an hour
In fellowship with thee.

294.

P. M.

- 1 THE Lord into his garden comes,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive :
Refreshing streams of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
Which make the dead revive.
- 2 O, that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water might abound,
A fruitful soil become !
The desert blossom as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.

295.

8s. & 7s.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of ev'ry blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace :
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise ;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it,
Mount of thy redeeming love !
- 2 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm contrained to be !
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee ;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love—
Here's my heart, O take and seal it ;
Seal it for thy courts above.

296.

8s, 7s. & 4s.

- 1 GENTLY, Lord, oh! gently lead us,
Through this lowly vale of tears,
And, O Lord, in mercy give us
Thy rich grace in all our fears.
O, refresh us—
O, refresh us with thy grace.
- 2 Though ten thousand ills beset us,
From without and from within,
Jesus says he'll ne'er forget us,
But will save from every sin;
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

297.

L. M.

- 1 AT anchor laid remote from home,
Toiling I cry, sweet Spirit come!
Celestial breeze no longer stay,
But swell my sails and speed my way!
- 2 Fain would I mount, fain would I go,
And loose my cable from below:
But I can only spread my sail,
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale!

298.

8s. & 6s.

- 1 O, LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I trust, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love—
The love of Christ to me.

CONFERENCE MEETINGS.

- 2 God only knows the love of God :
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart !
For love I sigh, for love I pine ;
This only portion, Lord, be mine !
Be mine this better part !
-

299.

7s. M.

- 1 FEAR not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.
- 2 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.
-

300.

11s. M.

- 1 'MID scenes of confusion, and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints ;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.
- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease!
Tho' oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee in glory at home.
- 3 While here in this valley of conflict I stay,
O, give me submission and strength as my day ;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
-

CONFERENCE MEETINGS.

301.

11s. & 8s.

- 1 LORD, give me a place with the humblest of
For low at thy feet I would lie ; [saints,
I know that thou hearest my humble complaints,
Thou hearest the young ravens cry.
- 2 Give strength to the souls that now wait upon
O, come in thy chariot of love ; [thee,
From earth's vain enchantments, O, help us to
And to set our affections above. [flee,
-

302.

L. M.

- 1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
In union sweet according minds !
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one.
- 2 Their streaming eyes together flow,
For human guilt and mortal woe ;
'Their ardent prayers together rise,
Like mingling flames in sacrifice.
-

303.

11s. & 8s.

A. BALLOU.

For an Inductive Communion Meeting.

- 1 Ho, all ye that bloom in the morning of life,
Give ear to the angels of Truth,
That call you away from illusion and strife,
To share their celestial pursuits.
- 2 They hail you as spirits created to live
Through ages unnumbered to come,
And early the counsels of wisdom would give,
To guide their young proteges home.

CONFERENCE MEETINGS.

- 3 Then welcome their proffers and meekly consent
To walk in the path of the blest,
Which brighter and brighter will shine to the
The day of perfection and rest. [end,
- 4 O yes, we will go, loving angels, with you,
Though frailty and sin indispose,
'Tho' narrow the way, and its pilgrims be few,
And strait be the gate ye disclose.
-

304.

7s. & 6s.

A. BALLOT.

For a Quarterly Communion Meeting.

- 1 ALL hail! ye friends assembled,
'The faithful gathered here,
Whose hearts have often trembled
Through loneliness and fear;
Lift up your heads rejoicing,
Redemption draweth nigh;
The God of Truth is causing
The dismal shades to fly.
- 2 Upon the strong foundation,
Which God himself hath laid,
The Rock of our salvation,
Mount Sion's summit grade:
We'll build the Christian temple
Of living polished stones,
With love and truth cemented,
Up to its turret domes.
- 3 And when its cap-stone resteth
Upon the top-most height,
And all the earth confesseth
The majesty of Right,
Creation's glad hosanna,
Shall burst the vaulted skies,
And God's unsullied Banner
The universe surprise.

XVIII. DISMISSIONS AND FAREWELLS.

305.

8s. & 7s.

- 1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace :
O, refresh us, O, refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, may we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

306.

L. M.

HEBER.

- 1 LORD, now we part in thy blest name,
In which we here together came :
Grant us our few remaining days,
To work thy will and spread thy praise.
- 2 Teach us in life and death to bless
The Lord, our strength and righteousness ;
And bring us all to meet above,—
Where we may better sing thy love.

307.

7s. M.

NEWTON.

- 1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend,
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

DISMISSIONS AND FAREWELLS.

- 2 Father, hear our humble prayer :
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.
-

308.

L. M.

- 1 ONCE more, O Lord, let grateful praise
In songs of joy to thee ascend ;
Thou art the Guardian of our days,
Our first, and best, and changeless Friend.
- 2 Hear, then, our parting hymn of praise,
And bind our hearts in love divine ;
O, may we walk in wisdom's ways,
And ever feel that we are thine.
-

309.

C. M.

- 1 HAIL, sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one ;
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds,
To sing what God hath done :
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which gospel grace hath given,—
The hope when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.
-

310.

S. M.

- 1 DEAR Lord ! since we must part,
A parting blessing give ;
With thy pure love fill every heart,
That we in love may live.

DISMISSIONS AED FAREWELLS.

- 2 All glory to the Lamb,
May we forever sing,
And bid farewell, while we proclaim,
Hosannas to our King.
-

311.

8s. & 7s.

- 1 MAY the grace of Christ o'erflowing,
And the Father's boundless love,
And the Spirit, life bestowing,
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide united,
With each other and the Lord,
And possess in him delighted,
Joys which earth cannot afford.
-

312.

8s & 7s.

- 1 PEACE be to this congregation,
Peace to every soul therein ;
Peace, the earnest of salvation ;
Peace, the fruit of pardoned sin ;
Peace, that speaks its heavenly Giver ;
Peace, to sordid minds unknown ;
Peace Divine, that lasts forever,
Here erect thy glorious throne.
- 2 Prince of Peace, in love be near us,
Fix in all our hearts thy home ;
With thy blessed presence cheer us,—
Let thy sacred kingdom come :
Raise to heaven our expectation ;
Give our favored souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

313.

L. M.

- 1 PILGRIMS, with pleasure let us part,
Since we are of one mind and heart ;
No length of days, nor distant place,
Can ever break these bonds of grace.
- 2 Parting with joy we'll join and sing
The wonders of our Lord and King ;
Our mortal bodies may remove,
But nothing shall divide our love.

314.

8s. & 7s.

A. BALLOU.

- 1 LORD, behold us now retiring
From our feast of knowledge here,
Still with grateful hearts aspiring
To be guided by thy fear.
- 2 O dismiss us with thy blessing,
And protect us through the week ;
Help us, each thy love expressing,
Heavenly truth and bliss to seek.

315.

L. M.

A. BALLOU.

For the close of a General Meeting.

- 1 FAREWELL, dear friends, we soon must part ;
This precious interview must close,
Whose sweet communion round the heart
Its bond of soft enchantment throws.
- Chorus*—God speed the blissful time,
The great prophetic day,
When violence and crime,
And woe shall pass away :
Farewell, beloved friends, farewell.

DISMISSIONS AND FAREWELLS.

- 2 Farewell, dear friends, with truth impressed,
Inquirers for the better way ;
With heavenly light may you be blest,
Till darkness turn to cloudless day.
Chorus—God speed, &c.

- 3 Farewell, loved friends, that doubting hear,
Our words of everlasting life ;
God's holy kingdom thus brought near,
Holds out the olive to your strife.
Chorus—God speed, &c.

- 4 Farewell, dear friends, of every class,
Ye who depart, and who remain ;
Blest be the pilgrimage ye pass,
And sure the Paradise ye gain.
Chorus—God speed the blissful time,
The great prophetic day,
When violence and crime,
And woe shall pass away :
Farewell, beloved friends, farewell.
-

316.

11s. M.

- 1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
When we must be parted from this social band,
Our several engagements now call us away,
The parting is needful, and we must obey.
- 2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for a while,
We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence smile ;
But while we are parted, and scattered abroad,
We'll pray for each other, communing with God.



Adm Ballou had been active
in the Universal Restoration
Society - (see that Univ)
& afterwards from our Hop-
dale (1841) as a Commensal
Settlement at Melford, Mass.
with 28 members. It reached
its highest point in 1854 but
during the civil war merged
in the Hopedale Parish with
Ballou as pastor; its mem-
bership then ceased in the

